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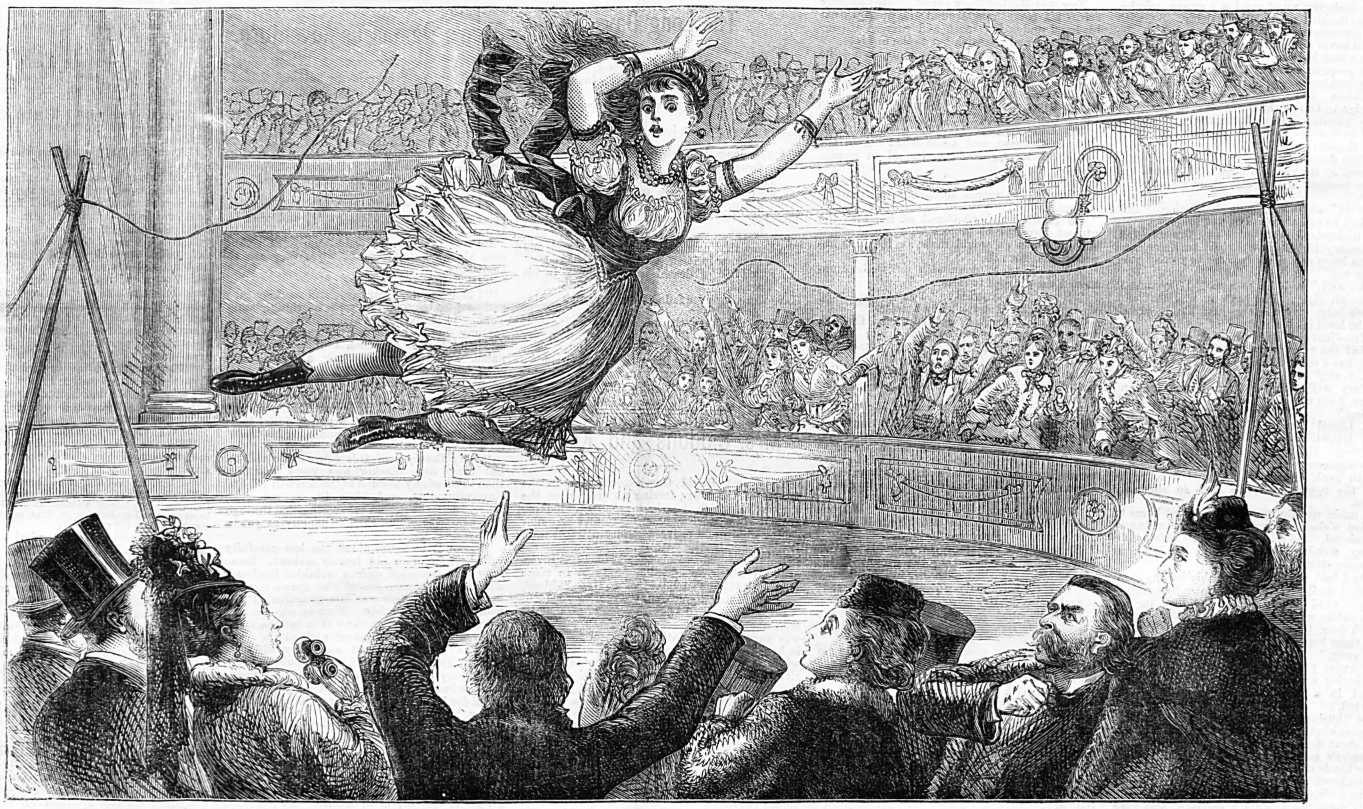
Fall of a Female Acrobat.

Our illustration on this page depicts a shocking scene which recently took place in a circus at Moscow, where two female acrobats, the sisters Korsacky, were attracting large crowds by their astonishing performances. One day when the elder of the two, Levina, who had to pass along an iron wire, had taken some steps on her perilous path, the wire suddenly snapped asunder, as if cut by a cleaver, and the poor girl fell, breaking both her legs. The dreadful incident created the greatest consternation in the circus, both among the performers and the spectators. On close examination the wire was found to have been cut through; no one had been near it but the two sisters Korsacky and Lina Wogratz, the daughter of the owner of the hotel where the acrobats lodged, and Lina had left the circus before the end of the entertainment. A police agent was despatched to the hotel, where no one had yet heard of the accident at the circus, and, on requesting Lina Wogratz to accompany him thither, she betrayed herself by exclaiming, "I had nothing to do with it!" On being searched, however, a pair of thick, sharp scissors, which bore marks of having cut through a hard substance, was found in her pocket. She then confessed that she had cut the wire, intending to lame or disfigure Levina for life, because her own lover had appeared fascinated by the good looks of the acrobat, and had paid his addresses to her. The wretched and infatuated girl, who thus allowed the passion of jealousy to overmaster reason and feeling, was condemned to six years' imprisonment for her crime.



FALL OF A FEMALE ACROBAT.

Abyssinian Warfare.

The illustration on our last page represents a scene of warfare which may be considered the chronic condition of Abyssinia with or without a Theodore. Between the different tribes there often exist blood-feuds, sometimes originating in trifling causes, and these lead to frequent scenes of bloodshed. Occasionally also there are feuds between villages inhabited by people belonging to the same tribe. Lieutenant W. F. Prideaux in his "Journey through the Soudan and Western Abyssinia" says: "One hamlet is only a stone's throw from the other, and yet there is a blood-feud between them. It appears that some years ago the valley in which these villages are situated was ruled by an ancient sheikh, who died leaving several sons, the eldest of whom succeeded in due course to the chiefdom. These secluded spots, it seems, form no exception to the rest of the world, and the worst of human passions rage as strongly in them as in the most crowded haunts of men. Jealousy entered the heart of one of the younger brothers, who inveigled the sheikh to a lonely place, and then stabbed him to the heart. He did not, however, live to profit by his treachery long. Rumour, with its thousand tongues, soon brought the news of the assassination to the ears of the daughter of the murdered man, who denounced her uncle to the authorities. He was seized and carried to Kassala, and, after a trial, sentenced to death. Pardon could only be accorded on one condition. The daughter must forgive the murder of her father, and intercede for his assassin. This she refused to do, and he was hanged. The valley was split into two rival factions; the descendants of murdered and murderer rule each one side, and it affords no matter of surprise if they are on something less than speaking terms with each other."

The Guatemalan Outrage.

A resident in Guatemala has sent to the *Times* an account of the outrage upon the person of Mr. John Magee, the British vice-consul at the port of San José de Guatemala by Colonel Gonzales, for which this man was sentenced to death by the Guatemala Government. It appears that Gonzales, having displayed some brute courage, was rewarded by a colonel's commission, and finally by being appointed to the chief military command in the port of San José. Gonzales entertained a strong hatred for Mr. Magee, because that gentleman had put a stop to a systematic series of robberies which had been carried on by Government officials, and he took advantage of a fracas he had with the first officer of the North American steamer Arizona to wreak his vengeance on the hapless vice-consul. He called his subaltern officer and sent with eight men to bring Mr. Magee, alive or dead, to the Commandancia. "If he will not come, shoot him on the spot," were his identical words. He was informed that as Mr. Magee was suffering from a swollen foot, it was impossible for him to walk, on which he repeated his orders to shoot him or bring him on the points of the bayonets. The lieutenant on his arrival at Mr. Magee's office informed that gentleman of the orders he had received, and begged him to come at once to the Commandancia. As he was unable to walk, a car was brought, on which he was carried to the bottom of a flight of stairs leading to the public offices of the port, where he found ten loaded rifles pointed to his breast, and the commandant, armed with a Winchester carbine, waiting to receive him. This latter at once spat in his face, struck him in the face and head with a revolver, and ordered him to be dragged into the Commandancia, where, covering him with the most abusive language, he told him that he had heard from some of his friends that Mr. Magee had reported him to the President, and that he would give him 400 lashes each day for three days, and afterwards would shoot him, telling him, at the same time, that as he had closed the telegraph office no communication could be held with the capital, and that, therefore, four days must elapse before any assistance could arrive, by which time, said he, "You will be dead and buried."

The commandant was not long in carrying out the first part of his threat, having stripped Mr. Magee naked and inflicted on him 210 "*palos*" or blows with sticks about 4 feet in length and half an inch in diameter. He had then imprisoned him again without food or medical assistance, informing him at the same time that in the morning he should receive 500 more. In this deplorable condition Mr. Magee passed the night, being visited several times by the commandant, who, to use his own expression, "played with him as a cat would with a mouse," entering his room armed with a large loaded revolver, which he would place to his prisoner's head, telling him his last moment had arrived, as he was now going to kill him. In the morning the troops were again called together, and Mr. Magee was brought out and placed on the ground to receive further tortures, when he asked to be allowed to speak to the commandant, who remarked that "as the words would be his last, he might say what he wished to." He then asked the commandant to shoot him at once and he would give 2000 dollars, as he was fully convinced that he was to be flogged to death. This offer was refused by the commandant, who stated that, "he had promised to flog him to death and that he would keep his word." He further stated that he knew the Government had sent down to supersede him, but that he would shoot Mr. Magee the moment he saw the forces approaching; and then he would fire the storehouses, Custom-house, &c., and would make his escape. At this moment Mr. James, the United States vice-consul, who had behaved throughout the whole affair with a great deal of courage and prudence, and had himself been insulted and threatened with lashes, came up and requested to be allowed to speak to the prisoner. This was granted, and he then informed Mr. Magee that General Solares was near the port, and that if they could only delay matters a short time his life might be spared. "I will stay here with you," said he. "Should the commandant, on the approach of the general's forces, attempt to carry out his threat of shooting you with his own hand, I will seize and throttle him. You must do the same to the sentry, and then we must run for our lives." Fortunately, Providence spared them this risking of their lives by putting into the commandant's mind the idea that it would be better for him to leave the country and escape on board the American steamer lying in the harbour than to await the consequences of his acts, and he accordingly offered to go on board and spare Mr. Magee's life, if Mr. James, as consul, would insure his safety, and Mr. Magee would give him 2000 dols. in cash, and letters of credit on his friends in Salvador, Panama, and other places. This was agreed to, and he set off for the steamer at the very moment when General Solares entered the town. On board the steamer the news of the outrage had created an immense excitement, so much so that the passengers, 125 in number, determined to seize the boats and attack the town. From this they were only dissuaded by the representations of Mr. Magee's clerks, who had gone on board for safety, and who told them that any movement in favour of that gentleman would result in his instant death. While all were in a state of great excitement the cry was raised that the commandant was approaching the ship. flying to the Stars and Stripes for protection from the laws of his own country. In a moment the bulwarks were crowded with an excited mob of men, each of whom held a revolver. The moment the boat touched the ship's side some 14 or 15 shots were fired, and the commandant fell seriously wounded in three places, and on his return to shore was made a prisoner by General Solares. Gonzalez has been condemned by the President of Guatemala to be shot. The question of compensation to Mr. Magee for the gross offence committed against him by an officer of the Guatemala Government still remains to be settled.

Two Thrilling Escapes.

A painter, named M'Cullough, recently employed at Niagara Falls in painting the bridge which crosses the rapids to the islands known as the Three Sisters, fell into the torrent and was instantly swept away. When destruction seemed inevitable he caught upon a rock hardly fifty feet from the brink of the cataract, and there hung. It seemed as if this could only be a respite. He managed to retain his hold, but the water was exceedingly cold, and it was feared that his limbs would become benumbed and he would be swept away. Happily, however, a man was found bold enough to attempt a rescue and skilful enough to accomplish it. Thomas Conroy, a guide at the Cave of the Winds, fastened a rope round his waist, and, swimming down with the current, succeeded in reaching the imperilled and nearly exhausted painter and drawing him safely to shore in a very exhausted state. The other incident is quite as dramatic and terrible. Patrick M'Arthur, a labouring man, making his way to Detroit in search of work, was walking along the railway track, as the more convenient road, when his foot caught in the "frog" of a switch so tightly that all his efforts failed to extricate it. It was a lonely spot, and his cries for assistance were unheard; the night had fallen, so that his position was unlikely to be detected, and his leg, wrenched by his violent efforts to release himself, grew so painful that he could hardly move it. In this situation he heard the whistle of an approaching train. He had only his own wits to depend on, and these, fortunately, did not fail him. He had matches in his pocket, paper and linen in his bundle, and with these he made a sort of torch, which he tied to his walking-stick, and, when the train drew near enough, set it on fire. It was a dreadful risk. If he lit his beacon too soon, the wind might blow it out before the engineer had seen it. If he delayed too long, the train might be upon him before the blaze had become visible. Fate befriended him, however, at the last. His signal was seen in time, the train stopped, and, more dead than alive, he was released from his extraordinary prison.

A Plague of Locusts.

An Algerian paper gives an account of a struggle between the farmers of the colony and a tremendous swarm of locusts. As soon as the distant cloud of invaders was perceived, every effort was made by the terrified agriculturists to prevent the descent of the hungry myriads upon their pastures, while on the other hand, the locusts were equally determined to alight and take refreshment. In order to keep the insect host in a higher strata of the atmosphere, where a change of wind might at any moment carry them away, the farmers lit fires with damp weeds, and by collecting all their kitchen utensils, ringing all the bells, and shouting at the top of their voices, they produced such a concert of hideous sounds that, for a time, the locusts preferred famine to the din, and remained in the air; but at length hunger and fatigue overpowered them, and they decided on braving the worst and falling to the ground, when the green fields and trees suddenly turned yellow under the multitudes which instantly covered them. All through the night was heard one continuous and portentous sound—that of myriads of invisible jaws engaged in mastication—the next morning the battle recommenced, but the latest advices are of a discouraging nature as they report that the locusts are engaged not only in eating, but in laying eggs.

On the Wrong Scent

Mr. Lionel Lorrimer cherished high ideas of men as opposed to women, and had exalted notions of the husband's dominion over his own household. He had forbidden his wife attending the masquerade of the Aurora Society.

The ball was set down for the evening of the twenty-ninth. On the morning of that day Mr. Lorrimer went into town at the usual hour, but during the forenoon had occasion to visit a part that led him past his own residence.

He walked on the opposite side of the street, and did not cross over, as he was in some haste. But his attention was suddenly arrested by a young woman with a large bundle ascending the front steps of his domicile and ringing the door-bell. He wondered somewhat at this, as he was not aware that his wife had been purchasing anything new in the line of dresses lately. His perplexity increased when the door was opened cautiously, the young woman admitted promptly, as if by a previous understanding, and the door instantly closed again.

Here was a dilemma. Mr. Lorrimer's curiosity and suspicion were aroused, and on the other hand his appointment was rather pressing. Should he linger and solve the mystery, or dismiss it from his mind and go on about his business? He debated the question irresolutely for a moment, and finally decided that he must know what was going on in his own house. Acting on this determination, he walked slowly to the next corner, and chose a position where he could take observations.

He had not long to wait. The young woman soon reappeared, but *without* the bundle, and walked briskly down the street.

He followed her.

Yes, the majestic Mr. Lorrimer dogged the footsteps of an unknown female! It was not a long chase. She led him to one of the busiest and gayest streets, and finally turned quickly into a celebrated costumier's establishment!

Mr. Lorrimer could scarcely believe the evidence of his own senses at first. But on drawing near, he read the sign in front of the establishment, which set forth in plain language that masks, costumes, of all styles, ancient and modern, could be obtained within.

Mr. Lorrimer was astonished. Could it be that his wife was venturesome enough to disobey him, and had hired a costume with a view to attending the masquerade? The idea was atrocious, humiliating, exasperating. Yet the evidence seemed to point indubitably to such a state of things, and he accepted the conclusion at once.

He did not linger long in meditation. His wife's audacity must receive a severe rebuke. This he decided upon without delay. So, with that promptness and shrewdness which he boasted never deserted him, he entered the store before which he was standing.

The proprietress was a flabby woman, with greedy-looking eyes. He accosted her thus:

“Madam, would you object to making one sovereign in two or three minutes?”

The person addressed intimating that she would have no objection to that sort of thing, he continued:

“Then describe to me accurately the costume delivered by the young woman who entered this store a moment ago, or else show me one just like it.”

“Well,” said the woman, hesitating, “that wouldn't be exactly regular, you know.”

“I understand that, but I can prove to you, if necessary that I have a right to know, and that no harm can possibly come to you by your telling me.”

“Oh, well,” said the woman, “I presume it will be all right. The costume was that of a Turkish lady. Here is one just like it, except that the hood is blue instead of scarlet.”

“Yes—just so,” said Mr. Lorrimer. “The one that the young woman left at No. 54, —— street, has a scarlet hood, has it?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Very well; here is your sovereign, and besides, I am very much obliged to you. Good-morning.”

Mr. Lionel Lorrimer left the store in high glee. His wife would find that he was not to be outwitted. He would make her regret her presumptuousness.

With such thoughts he hurried to make good the appointment he had so suddenly broken.

He made no allusion, when he went home to his five o'clock dinner, to the circumstances just related. He simply said to his wife before leaving, wondering the while at her innocent and unconstrained demeanour:

“As I told you would probably be the case, Louise, I shall be detained in town by business to-night until quite late. Do not look for me much before midnight.”

“Oh dear, I am sorry, Lionel. It is so lonesome these long evenings, when you are obliged to be away.”

“I guess you will manage to console yourself during my absence,” was his reply, delivered in a slightly sarcastic tone, as he departed.

The “business” which was to detain him was of a somewhat startling character. After spending a short time at his office, he proceeded to a costumier's establishment, and placed himself in the hands of an artist, who, after a long and tedious process, transformed him into a hideous looking Indian chief.

This done, he ordered a carriage, and gave directions to be driven to the place where the masquerade of the Aurora Society was to be held. On arriving at his destination, he held a long consultation with the driver, giving him some minute directions, and a retaining fee.

Then, with a chuckle, he entered the gay and brilliant ball-room, where the festivities had already commenced. The music was pealing forth from the orchestra, and hundreds of grotesquely-attired figures were mingling in the dance.

Mr. Lorrimer seemed to create quite a sensation in his character of Indian chief. Many stared at him, and some of the women shuddered.

He did not dance at first, but walked with stately tread around the hall, gazing disdainfully on the giddy throng. His motive for this line of conduct may be easily divined. He was looking for his wife. He was searching for a Turkish lady with a scarlet hood.

It was some time before he found what he sought for. But at last he stopped suddenly, and his gaze lingered in a particular quarter. His heart beat high with exultation. There was the Turkish lady with the scarlet hood, and her size and general contour were exactly those of his wife. There could be no mistake about it. It was the only costume of the kind in the room. He approached her boldly, with no fear of being recognised. He halted in front of her.

“Pooty squaw,” he said, in a guttural tone.

She looked at him, and her eyes flashed merrily out from the small orifices of her mask.

“Noble Injin!” she replied.

“Squaw come from the far eastern land?” he said, taking a seat beside her.

“Yes,” was the reply. “Noble brave taken many scalps?”

“Great many. Squaw dance?”

“Yes.”

And they took their places on the floor for one of the quadrilles.

After this ensued what appeared to lookers-on a scene of desperate flirtation; but in Mr. Lorrimer's mind there was of course no harm in thus paying exclusive attention to his own wife, though a pang shot through his breast at the thought of her accepting such marked demonstrations from one who to all intents and purposes was a stranger.

However, the game must be played, and he played it.

He professed to be in a frenzy of curiosity to see the face and know the name of his fair partner; but she did not betray her identity by word or sign. He was at heart glad of this, for it spoke well for her discretion.

Thus an hour passed very pleasantly, he had to confess to himself, for his wife—if it was she—was unwontedly witty, vivacious, and entertaining.

But all of a sudden the Turkish lady deserted him, and joined a Roman senator on the other side of the room. She conversed with him in a low tone, danced a set with him, and afterward exchanged some private words in an apparently very confidential manner.

This fairly maddened Mr. Lorrimer with jealously. He hovered in her neighbourhood, walked about with slow, measured tramp, and gazed toward her reproachfully.

Finally he got a chance to speak to her again.

“Squaw must not leave her brave,” he murmured.

But she only laughed tantalisingly.

“Shall we walk in the outer hall?” he said. “It is hot and close in this crowd.”

She nodded in assent and took his arm, and they left the heated restless throng.

“I think I hear the pattering of rain drops,” he said. “Shall we not stand in the open door, where it is cool?”

“Yes,” she replied, “for a few moments. It will be a great relief.”

They approached the door-way, and stood looking down a short flight of broad stone steps, which led to the sidewalk. Beyond could be seen a solitary carriage, with a dim light glimmering from the driver's seat. The driver himself had sought shelter from the rain within the carriage.

Mr. Lorrimer looked cautiously around. No one was in sight. He then coughed in a peculiar manner. The driver instantly emerged, leaving the carriage door open, and walked carelessly forward, seemingly to inspect the harness of one of the horses.

Now was Mr. Lorrimer's time. He suddenly seized his companion around the waist, thrust his hand under her mask and pressed it over her mouth, and ran with her to the carriage.

“Scream and you will be murdered,” he muttered in her ear?

He then forced her in the carriage, stepping in after her.

The driver slammed the door, shut, sprang to his seat, and whipped the horses into a run.

Mr. Lorrimer held his fair prisoner firmly down to the seat, and admonished her in the harshest tones he could command to remain silent.

She cowered down submissively, evidently too terrified to speak, trembling and panting violently.

He growled and chattered at her with the utmost ferocity, his object being to give her such a lesson as would make an indelible impression on her mind.

“What is to be done with me?” she summoned the courage to falter.

“Hush!” he growled. “You will be strung up and quartered if you make a noise.”

Still the carriage rattled on, through numerous streets and alleys, the driver having been instructed to take a long, roundabout course.

The Turkish lady was so thoroughly quelled that little or no urging was needed to keep her quiet.

Finally the driver gave a loud cough. This was a signal to Mr. Lorrimer that they were approaching his house. He had calculated that the devious course they had taken would so bewilder his wife that her ideas of locality would be completely confused. He wanted to impress her with the belief that she was being carried to some den of unknown horrors.

“Here we are,” he growled. “Where's Black Tom? Keep the blood-hounds quiet! Not a word from you, my beauty!”

He rushed up the steps, carrying his captive under one arm. Unlocking the door with his night-key, he rushed with her into the house. He had thrown a cloak over her head, that she might be deceived up to the last moment.

He now stood in the hall. Throwing the outside door shut, he rushed into the sitting-room.

A loud scream greeted his arrival. The gas was burning brightly, and in the middle of the room stood—her arms thrown up and her eyes protruding with horror—*his wife!*

He halted, in dire astonishment and dismay; still retaining his hold on the Turkish lady, who had by this time fainted.

“*Louise!*” he gasped.

But his wife only gave vent to a piercing shriek, and retreated to the furthermost corner of the room.

“Louise!” he ejaculated, appealingly, “is that you?”

“Oh, you monster!” screamed Louise. “Who are you? What do you want?”

“Don't you know me, Louise?”

“Leave, you villian! If you don't, I'll rouse the neighbourhood! My husband will be here in a moment!”

“Tut, tut! for heaven's sake, don't make any more noise. There's a terrible mistake somewhere. I am Lionel—your husband. Don't you recognise my voice?”

Mrs. Lorrimer was not a cowardly woman. Consequently, not having lost her senses, she did recognise her husband's voice, and became somewhat reassured.

“What does this all mean, Lionel?” she said, stepping forward cautiously. “Why are you disguised so frightfully, and who is this you have with you?”

Mr. Lorrimer's bewilderment was so great that he had entirely forgotten that he was still supporting the Turkish lady, and he now nearly dropped her.

But recovering himself, he conveyed her to a couch and laid her down.

“Haven't you been to the masquerade?” he demanded of his wife.

“To the masquerade! Certainly not.”

“Then who is this?” he asked, pointing to the form on the couch.

“That! How should I know? Why, as I'm alive, it's—— Oh, Lionel, what under the sun have you been doing? This is Emma Arburthnot!”

“Emma Arbuthnot? Nonsense! Are you sure?”

“Certainly.”

And Mrs. Lorrimer bent over the prostrate form and set herself about applying restoratives. They soon had their effect. Miss Arbuthnot sat upright, and looked about her in a confused manner.

“Louise, is it you?” she exclaimed, with a glad look, and almost fainting again. “And am I really safe? Oh, horrors!”

She caught a glimpse of the “noble Injin.”

“There, there, never mind him,” said Mrs. Lorrimer, soothingly. “It's only Lionel.”

“Lionel! your husband! the one who kidnapped me? Oh, what does it all mean?”

Both ladies looked at Mr. Lorrimer enquiringly, who was now forced to explain everything.

He did it with a very bad grace, a good deal of stammering, and many blushes that would have been visible but for the paint with which his face was bedaubed. When he had concluded his wife said:

“And so you thought the suit was for me, when I only had it brought here to accommodate Emma. The same clothes fit us both, and I had it fitted to me because she wanted to be very secret about her costume. Oh, Lionel, to think you should have so little trust in me!”

Mr. Lorrimer had not a word to say. He sat down moodily.

Louise and Emma regarded him in silence for a moment, and then burst out with hearty peals of laughter. They tortured him with their jeers long and unmercifully.

At last, when their merriment had in a degree spent itself, they began to look on the practical side of the situation.

Emma's friends at the ball would be troubled at her disappearance. They must at once be informed of her whereabouts.

Of course there was no one to perform this errand but Mr. Lorrimer. With a mournful appreciation of the necessities of the case, he divested himself of his disguise as speedily as possible, and donned a respectable suit of clothes. He then had to walk a full mile to the ball, for the carriage in which he had conveyed his prisoner home had been driven off, and no other was in sight or hearing. He arrived home again in the wee small hours, much the worse for wear, and miserably depressed in spirits. He had for once in his life been fairly beaten, routed, ignominiously defeated.

The leopard cannot change his spots, neither could Mr. Lorrimer alter his nature; but the lesson taught him was a lasting one. He has learned not to entirely distrust his wife, and deigns of late to be more communicative with her, less imperious toward her, and, moreover, manifests generally a certain respect that was always her due though it was for a long time withheld.

The Long Days.

Yes! they are here again, the long, long days,
After the days of winter, pinched and white:
Soon, with a thousand minstrels comes the light,
Late, the sweet robin-haunted dusk delays.

But the long days that bring us back the flowers,
The sunshine, and the quiet-dripping rain,
And all the things we knew of spring, again,
The long days bring not the long-lost long hours.

The hours that now seem to have been each one
A summer in itself, a whole life's bound,
Filled full of deathless joy—where, in his round,
Have these for ever faded from the sun?

The fret, the fever, the unrest endures,
But the time flies. . . . Oh, try, my little lad,
Coming so hot and playworn, to be glad
And patient of the long hours that are yours!

—*W. D. Howells.*

Mrs. Siddons and Kean.

The great David Garrick, supreme in the favour of the town, fearing no rival near the throne to which he had mounted, looking around him for a new face and a new genius who would prove a strong attraction to Drury Lane, in the year 1774 wrote a letter—still unpublished—to his friend Moody, at Liverpool, to which he added a postcript in these words: “Have you heard of a Mrs. Siddons, who is strolling about somewhere near you?”

Moody's reply to Garrick's letter has never seen the light, but we assume the postscript was answered affirmatively; for Mrs. Siddons, in her “Autograph Recollections,” says, a little while later, “Mr. King, by order of Mr. Garrick, who had heard some account of me from the Aylesbury family, came to Cheltenham to see me in the ‘Fair Penitent.’” Mrs. Siddons subsequently said, with blended pride and bitterness, “At that time I was good-looking, and, all things considered, an actress well worth my poor four pounds per week.” But Garrick thought her worth only a less sum, which she gladly accepted in her eagerness—to quote poor starving Kean's delirious hope—to get her “foot before the floats.”

Undoubtedly Sarah Siddons was good-looking, but as undoubtedly manager Garrick did not think her a steady prop on which to lean the fortunes of his house; for while he flattered and cajoled her with fair promises and golden augurs of the hereafter, and sent her into the boxes to see him play his great parts, he gave her no great parts to play herself. Mrs. Yates and Mrs. Younge took them all, and when the new actress asked David to give her a share of them, he only replied that the forenamed ladies would poison her if he did. At last he gave her “Portia,” but the ambition she entertained to play alongside of him, in a part that would bring her full genius into action, was not gratified. She was only tolerated during the season, and at the end of it received her dismissal from no greater functionary than the prompter of Drury Lane.

She afterwards confessed that life had had for her no such bitterness as that cruel slight. The great Sarah Siddons of the provincial barns and halls had been tried and found wanting; the provinces might desire her, but London would have none of her. So she went back once more to her old ways of poverty; strolling about again among those pleasant English fields and highways, carrying a heavy heart, but hopeful and determined still.

A good many years thereafter—a good many years after Mrs. Siddons had packed her boxes and spoken that famous epilogue at Bath, written by herself, in which was recited with pardonable pride the fact that the great Babylon of London had again called her—a good many years after the wondrous brilliancy of her incomparable art had obscured the fame of Garrick, Mrs. Siddons, in the fulness of her honours and renown, was playing a brief engagement at Belfast. She acted “Zara,” and one who was then strolling, as she had done, through so many hard years, played “Osmyn.” He was imperfect in the part, and the majestic Zara shook her head at him in her indignation; but when the curtain next fell, she half relented her hasty rebuke, and said of the poor strolling Osmyn, that he did “well, very well”—and then added, “Yet there is too little of him to make a great actor.”

The stroller was that elder Kean, who, in after times, rose to great heights of power, riches, and fame, and subsequently fell therefrom. Mrs. Siddons, however, was not alone in her opinion that there was too little of him. It was only a brief while after the Belfast engagement that Edmund Kean was playing a fifth-rate *rôle* at the Haymarket, when a friendly actor, observant of him at the wing, said to his associates, “Look at the little man; he is trying to make a part of it.” No matter what Edmund Kean played, he always tried to make a part of it. He had often and often again walked footsore and hungry from one distant town of England to another, sometimes carrying on his back that dying son Howard, whom he loved so well, and at night played both “Hamlet” and “Harlequin.” How great a piece of acting his Hamlet was, contemporary criticism informs us; and his Harlequin was as perfect, as conscientious a performance in its way. Over it, as over Hamlet, he spread the wide mantle of his genius as well as of his best endeavour. “Who is that shabby little man?” asked, as she stood on the stage at Gloucester looking at him, that gentle Mary Walters, who was afterwards to become his wife, and to suffer for and through him as few women have ever suffered. “Who the devil is *she?*” retorted Kean, for she had spoiled his best situation through forgetfulness of her lines.

Kean himself was afraid of his insignificant figure when the crucial moment arrived. His night of supreme triumph came tardily; he had waited for it for many years; he had stood in the chilling lobby of Drury-lane, month after month, begging for only the chance to appear. Day after day he was denied, while incompetent after incompetent was thrust over his head, only to fail and be forgotten. At last the manager told him he was to have a trial—he must play “Richard III.” No, he would not appear in the trunks of Glo'ster, though he was starving. “Shylock, or nothing,” for he hoped to hide his puny figure under the Jew's gaberdine.

Looking toward London he had so often said in those days of strolling and starving, “If I only get there, and succeed! If I succeed, I shall go mad.” Well, he got there, and succeeded, and went mad too. Which is the end of that story.—*Gossip About Actors.*

Tom's Damascus Adventure.

“Did you ever hear of my oriental adventure?” said Tom, perching himself upon the counting-house desk.

“*Your* oriental adventure?” asked Ned, amazed.

“Well, it's worth hearing,” said Tom, “if it *did* happen to me. It was when I was in Damascus, a mere attaché of a grave diplomatic party, a boy of twenty, who might as well have been left at home, I suppose.”

“I should say so,” said Ned. “When *you* belonged to a diplomatic party, and were in Damascus. *You*—well?”

“I was in a bazaar,” said Tom. “Englishmen always haunt bazaars when they are in Damascus.”

“Oh,” said Ned, “do they?”

“I had bought cigar cases and smoking caps and tobacco bags, and all sorts of things,” said Tom. “I had slippers and scarfs and a shawl for my mother, and a garment of red silk and gold thread of which I did not know the name. And I was buying a pipe of oriental style, with a long stem, and a water-bottle for the smoke to pass through, when a great puffy bag of black silk which enveloped a lady paused near me, and squatted down before the shop of a young jewel merchant, for the purpose of examining his bracelets.

“Only the eyes of this figure were visible, but they were blacker and more beautiful than those of any heroine of the Arabian Nights' Entertainments, and they lit on me once, twice, three times, and sent a sensation through my heart to which it was happily as yet a stranger.

“Behind the figure stood the less carefully veiled person of an old female servant. Some gray hair struggled over a wrinkled forehead, and the veil even revealed the upper part of her high nose. She was the guardian of the young beauty probably. That it was a young beauty thus hid under the silken balloon I had no doubt. It was like an oriental tale.

“The jewel merchant was busy with his wares. The merchant of hubble-bubbles with his and my money. No one but the old woman saw the beauty make me a little sign with her exquisite hand; but she did it. The sign seemed to say, ‘Wait.’ I waited.

“What I waited for I hardly knew. I understood the customs of the country well enough to be aware that I could not speak to this damsel, or be addressed by her, in the open streets; but I understood young women well enough to know that something was in store for me in the way of adventure. My *repertoire* of gesture is not large. No Englishman's is. I nodded a ‘Yes.’ It sufficed. As she went away, guarded by her old attendant, she repeated the motion.

“‘Wait,’ it said again.

“‘Yes,’ replied my nod.

“There was a coffee-house close at hand, open to the street like all the other shops. There with my hubble-bubbles in my hand. I squatted on a cushion, and sipped and smoked. I also ate something. It may have been the conserve of pomegranates without pepper, of which we read in the Arabian Nights. It was sweet; it melted on the palate. It left behind a delicious taste and fragrance. It was oriental to the last degree.

“Near me, one smoked something stronger than tobacco—hasheesh, perhaps—that sent him, by and by, into a strange sort of sleep, his eyes half open, his hands dropped on their backs, half shut, against the cushions, the pipe still between his lips.

“Within the coffee-shop, a story-teller threw down a little flat basket for contributions, and began his narrative with, ‘In the name of Allah!’

“It was about the genii; but I had little comprehension of the tale, my knowledge of the language being so poor.

“In its midst I saw a figure pass—pause—make a sign to me.

“It was the old woman, the servant of my mysterious beauty. I flung a coin to the story-teller, and followed her.

“She went on for a long while, until I began to think that she would never speak to me; but at last she paused under the shadow of the blank white-plaster walls of a house in a quiet part of the city, and suddenly letting down a long wisp of gray hair, took from it a letter—a little crooked thing written on bright paper, and drenched with perfume.

“I tore it open. It was written in queer English:

“‘I a little English know,’ it began. ‘My mother she English. Most beautiful! I wait for you. Come.’”

“When she said ‘most beautiful,’ did she mean *you*?” asked Dick, in amaze.

“Yes,” said Tom, “of course.”

“What do the gentlemen look like there?’, asked Dick.

“‘Where shall I go?’ I asked of the old woman.

“She beckoned. Again I followed. We walked on, she going before, I following, until she paused before a white-plastered wall, in which was a narrow door. Unlocking this, she motioned me to enter, and almost treading on my heels in her haste, instantly slipped in after me and relocked it.

“I found myself in the most beautiful garden imagination can depict. A fountain played in the centre, and flowers of the most gorgeous colours bloomed in the splendid vases and urns that surrounded it. Beyond it was a rose arbour. Obeying the old woman's motions, I entered the door of this fragrant retreat.

“On the instant, two beautiful arms were cast about my neck, and a voice like that of the nightingale softly breathed these words:

“‘Oh, how long I have waited for you, joy of my soul!’

“It was the girl whom I had seen at the bazaar. I knew her eyes and her hands at once, and I knew also that I had met my fate. I loved her on the instant as well as she seemed to love me.”

“Bother,” said Dick.

“I can't make *you* understand that delicious emotion,” said Tom, sighing. “There we sat together, talking like lovers who had been parted for years. She slipped a ring upon my finger. I gave her one from mine. I vowed to bear her away to the land where lovers were not the slaves they were there, and she promised to meet me at the little garden gate at midnight, when, in disguise, I would convey her to a place of safety, procure the protection of our, consul, with whom I was intimately acquainted and marry her that very night.”

“Going it fast,” said Dick.

Tom sighed.

“Suddenly, as we sat there,” said he, “the old woman rushed into the arbour. She whispered a word to my beautiful lady-love, who wrung her hands in terror.”

“‘Fly for your life!’ she said.

“‘If Allah spares my life, I will meet you at the gate at midnight. If not, adieu until we meet in Paradise.’

“Then the old woman seized me by the arm, hurried me to the gate, pushed me out, and locked it behind me.

“The garden vanished. I saw my love no more. I sat bewildered upon a rough stone bench. It had been like a story of the Arabian Nights thus far. How could it end? I knew not.

“Don't ask me what I did with myself during the remaining hours of the day. I know nothing of them.

“At midnight I sat upon the stone bench again, clad in a coarse oriental dress, but with a pistol hidden beneath it. I had resolved rather to die than to allow her to be torn from me. It was love at first sight that I felt, but years could not have made it stronger.

“I waited. The moon arose round and yellow in the sky. The feathery heads of the date palms seemed to nod to me. A strange bird uttered a shrill cry. A dog barked. I heard steps within the garden, and shrank back into the shadow. They were not the steps of women. As I listened the gate opened, and four black slaves, bearing a burden, emerged therefrom. As the moonlight fell upon them, I saw that they held the sides of a great sack.

“They marched away toward the river. As I watched them, dreading I knew not what, the old woman, with her hair dishevelled, rushed out of the garden, and wringing her hands, pointed after them.

“‘What has happened?’ I shrieked.

“She threw into my hand a little note, the counterpart of the one I had received that day.

“I tore it open and read these words:

“‘Adieu! the Caliph has discovered all. I was his wife. The fate of an unfaithful wife in this land is to be sewed up in a bag of lime, and cast into the river. Adieu, for ever. NAIDA.’

“With a wild shriek I rushed after the retreating slaves, and—awoke.”

“Eh?” said Ned; “awoke?”

“Yes,” said Tom. “That was when I was down with that bad fever three years ago, and Sam had been showing me a Turkish pipe, and my black-haired cousin Bella had read me to sleep with the ‘Howadji in Syria;’ and out of these three things, an oriental pipe, a pretty brunette and an exquisite book, my adventure in Damascus with the beautiful maiden was born.”

An Enterprising Printer.

In a recent discussion in the Dominion House of Commons, it was stated that the effect of the existing law of copyright is that, as a general rule, the United States get the command of the Canadian market by their reprints of English books, such reprints in the States being admissible into Canada on payment of a 12½ per cent. duty. Practically, it seems, this duty is but little levied, and produced last year not more than 400 dols. Book parcels are often of a miscellaneous character, having perhaps a few dozen reprints among a large number of other works, and it is stated that at some places the parcels are never opened to ascertain if there are any books liable to this copyright duty. It was mentioned in the House that a direct application was made to the Customs' department to collect the 12½ per cent. on the American reprint of “Lothair,” but before the instructions were circulated among the Canadian officials, the United States booksellers had got the edition safely over the border. Mr. Lovell, the Montreal printer and publisher, was examined in May before a Canadian Parliamentary Committee on Manufactures, and stated that if he might reprint English books on a payment of a 12½ per cent. duty, he could publish them in Canada at far less than the Canadians are paying for American reprints. He has now established a printing office at Rouse's Point, just over the border line; he sets up his types in Montreal, then takes them to Rouse's Point, where the sheets are printed, and sent into Canada, paying the 12½ per cent. duty. But he can print at so much lower rates than the printers of the United States that they are employing him to print American editions of English works for them. It is stated that in a few months he will probably have at work at Rouse's Point as many as 500 persons who would otherwise have been employed on Canadian soil, but will now in time drift into the position of citizens of the United States.

News Miscellany.

The Pet of the Fire Brigade.—A fireman named Montellier, who belonged to the fire brigade at Fauconcourt (Aisne) is just entering upon a career of fifteen years' penal servitude. He was the pet of the brigade. Ever foremost and most active at a fire, none of his comrades gained anything like the honours which were heaped upon him. Unfortunately, however, it was recently discovered that Montellier's hands habitually started the fires which Montellier delighted to conquer.

Tragedy in Brooklyn.—The *New York Herald* reported that the other day Mrs. Droyer, of North Eighth-street, Brooklyn, struck her husband, a cooper, with a hammer, and fractured his skull while he was sitting quietly in a chair reading a newspaper. They had had some words about the distress of the family caused by Droyer having struck with others of the coopers' union against their employers. As soon as the unfortunate man rushed from the house for the police, Mrs. Droyer killed her three children, aged respectively seven, four, and two years. After committing the deed the woman appeared stolid and gave no sign of grief. There appears but little doubt that she is insane.

Rich Field for Enterprising Traders.—It is stated that Mr. Forsyth's treaty has already produced a wonderful effect in attracting into the Central Asia trade many who were formerly deterred by the artificial obstacles now removed, and who now are kept back by reports of overstocked bazaars in Kashgar and Yarkand. The traders know that the worst obstacles now are those of nature, and, these surmounted, believe that a rich field lies open to their enterprise. Among other speculators, a contemporary has heard of a wealthy and enterprising merchant of Umritsur, who has just started for Yarkand, *viâ* Palumpur and Kulu, with a valuable consignment of goods suited to the markets of Central Asia. Patent leather is an article in great demand at Yarkand, and has hitherto been procured *viâ* Russia. The merchant referred to has ventured largely in this commodity. which we may soon see among the ordinary articles of Trans-Himalayan trade. There is an alarm of cholera in the neighbourhood of Calcutta. It broke out with sudden violence at Moudlye, a village in the jurisdiction of Thanna Pandooha, Zilla Hoogley, for want of good drinking-water. It broke out in and about a school, and, in less than a day, attacked not less than 20 persons, and swept away nearly half of the number. The school has been closed. There is also a report of cholera being prevalent in the northern part of Calcutta itself. There has been another "Towers of Silence case" at Sattara, where the Mussulmans have attacked a Parsee Tower, and desecrated it in various ways. While on this subject it is worthy of note that some of the native papers are calling for a censorship upon works hostile to their religion. The feeling has spread even as far as Burmah, where a missionary author has got into trouble with the King.

Romantic Suicide of a Leeds Couple.—Some remarkable cases of suicide involving romantic details have recently come to light in New York. A few years ago a young man named Austin, belonging to a family of the highest respectability in Leeds, fell in love with an accomplished young lady, and was about to marry her, when her parents interfered and forbade the banns. Resolved not to have their plans interfered with, they ran away and went to America, arriving in New York some two years since, where they were married. After spending all their money, Austin endeavoured to obtain employment, but he was unsuccessful, and being driven to the wall he grew desperate, and it was not long before he found himself in State Prison on a five years' sentence for highway robbery. Previous to his departure for gaol, the sheriff permitted his wife to visit him. On one occasion she appeared at the gate with a large fruit cake, which she wished to give to Austin. The officer examined the cake, and in the centre found a small steel saw, a steel knife-blade, and a handcuff key. She was arrested for attempting to aid Austin's escape, and was sentenced to six months' imprisonment. Upon the expiration of her term she had an interview with her husband, and promised to remain true to her marriage vow until he served out his sentence. This she failed to do, which coming to Austin's ears so disheartened him that he committed suicide by cutting his throat with a shoemaker's knife. Mrs. Austin was now the wreck of her former self, and in November last the remains of a woman were found near a brook alongside the Pennsylvania railroad. The only clue to its identity was a card on which was the name "Maria Elizabeth Austin."

Valuable Literary Reliques.—The *Literary World* will, according to the *Weimar Gazette*, shortly be in possession of a most valuable addition to its stores, in the shape of a hitherto unpublished correspondence between Schiller and his sister Christophine and her husband Reinwald, which has been left by Schiller's last daughter, Frau von Gleichen-Russwurm, to Herr Wendelin von Maltzahn with a view to its publication by the latter. The correspondence begins in the memorable year 1782—in which Schiller, a homeless fugitive, received shelter and protection at Bauerbach, and through Reinwald's active participation finished "Kabale and Liebe" and "Fiesco," laid the plan of "Don Carlos," and began "Maria Stuart"—and ends in 1805. This new contribution to the popular knowledge of Schiller's character and genius will, therefore, let in fresh light upon that period of the poet's career, which, if not the most fruitful, was, at least, that wherein his youthful enthusiasm, freed from stern repression, found vent in works the themes of which are liberty and love. It will consist of sixty-eight letters from Schiller, and about as many from Christophine and Reinwald, and is expected toappear next Christmas.

A Public Prosecutor Kidnapped and Murdered.—A mysterious disappearance of a more tragic character than those to which we are accustomed in England is reported from Bologna. Signor Cavagnati, a public prosecutor (*Procuratore del Re*) at Piacenza, where he was extremely popular, and where he was soon to be married to a handsome young lady of high rank, had lately gone to Bologna, in which place and in other parts of Romagna he had been formerly employed in his official capacity. One evening, about eleven o'clock, he went home from a friendly party, in which he had been extremely sociable, and in the enjoyment of his usual spirits, accompanied by a friend, a magistrate, with whom he parted only a few steps from the house in which he was staying. Since then he has not been seen or heard of. Nothing in his room suggested the idea that he had been at home in the night. The man had no reason to be dissatisfied with his lot in life, nor had he at any time exhibited symptoms of a gloomy or desponding disposition. The general apprehension is that he was kidnapped by secret foes somewhere between the spot at which he took leave of his friend and his own door, and done away with privily by men who have been till now able to efface every trace of their crime. The event is connected, in men's minds, with the late murder of the Councillor of Prefecture, Bolla, at Parma.

A Column Cut to Pieces.—The following is an extract of a private letter from Havannah, received at New York on the 3rd of June, and bearing date the 28th of May: "Bayamo has been in possession of the Cuban forces since the 20th inst. Further details are anxiously awaited on the subject. General Figuera, commanding the Spanish forces in the Central Department, and Brigadier-General Bascone, who acts in conjunction with him, both at the head of a column of 4000 men, have been defeated by General Maximo Gomez, who subsequently made a raid upon Puerto Principe and captured a large amount of booty. In the neighbourhood of Cienfuegos another fight occurred, when Colonel Santalis, in charge of the Spanish forces, was killed, and his column cut to pieces by the patriots. The Cuban forces are at the gate of Manzanillo, and will probably soon attack that place. The Spaniards in Havannah are much depressed, but angered against Concha, and say that he is making money out of the island's misfortunes, but add that 'he shall not leave the place alive.' Bayamo is the birthplace of Cespedes, Aguilera, Figueredo, Pacheco, and other leaders of the Cuban revolution. This city pronounced itself in favour of Cuban independence on the 18th of October, 1868, and was burnt by the Cubans on the 27th of November, 1868, at the approach of Valmaseda. Subsequently the Spaniards rebuilt a large portion of the city. The historical plain of Yara is not far distant from Bayamo."

A Playful Waterspout.—A village in one of the southern departments of France has been greatly agitated by the thoughtless behaviour of a waterspout, which, not content with terrifying the population by whirling through their fields and gardens, swept over a fish-pond, sucked up the water, fish and all, and in a few seconds discharged the whole contents into the yard of a house in the neighbourhood. The owner of the pond, the live stock of which had been so unexpectedly removed, hearing that it was raining carp, tench, and barbel in his neighbour's yard, hastened to claim the components of this abnormal shower, but the proprietor of the yard maintained that the fish had become his, as they had appeared on his premises without human agency, and the matter now awaits legal decision. Water privileges have often given occasion to litigation, but are usually passive elements in the strife, and a tendency on the part of ill-conditioned bodies of water to rush about setting peaceful neighbours by the ears comes under the head of what Mrs. Malaprop might truthfully describe as "hydraulic oppression."

London Cheap Cocoa-Nuts.—Perhaps no fruit in the market (says the *Echo*) impresses the youthful imagination as much as the cocoanut. There is an element of mystery about its contents. Its brown and bristly rind contains, in the opinion of diligent readers of "Robinson Crusoe" and "Masterman Ready," the delicious liquid and ambrosial solid described by those worthies, and repeated disappointments when the mighty nut is sawn through at home, revealing a tough fibrous lining and a little dirty tasteless fluid, are ineffectual in checking the determination to go on seeking the ideal cocoanut. The disappointment experienced by the buyers of some of this fruit lately offered for sale in the London-road, at the very moderate price of one penny each, must have been severe indeed. At the last meeting of the Vestry of St. George the Martyr, the medical adviser called attention to the fact that nuts had been offered for sale in that locality, most of which were rotten, and had been filled with water to resemble the natural milk of the cocoanut, and then plugged. Some had been seized and destroyed by order of the magistrate. The danger to health of this damaged fruit is, of course, great, and it may be hoped that though children, like their elders, are tempted by "something to show for their money," such revelations will diminish the popularity of cheap cocoa-nuts.

The Richest Roman Catholic Church in America.—In the Roman Catholic Cathedral at Baltimore there are said to be richer treasures than in any other church in the country. Jewelled ciboriums, gold and silver chalices—all solid—patenas and remonstrances, elaborate chasubles, mitres, copes, dalmatiques, rochets, stoles, maniples, benediction veils, and other ecclesiastical vestments are all carefully preserved in its tabernacles and sacristies. Some of the ornaments are relics of the past. Among others, the gilded crozier (episcopal crook) used by Archbishop Carroll eighty-five years ago occupies a conspicuous place, as also the rich mitres worn by himself and departed successors on the days of their enthronement. Even the cathedral vaults are shrines of treasures, as besides the solid silver ornaments of the burial caskets, in which repose the remains of archbishops, there are archiespicopal rings worn by each during his government of the diocese.

Tragedies in Paris.—A double suicide was committed on Friday last at No. 38, Rue Bellefond. A man and woman had taken a chamber there for a few days, the former representing himself as a commercial traveller, and saying that his wife accompanied him on his journeys. After they had resided there three or four days, making themselves very agreeable with the people in the house, the fact was noticed that they had not been seen for twenty-four hours, and, as the smell of burning charcoal escaped from their room, the landlord had the door opened. The pair were found lying on the bed dressed, with only their boots off, and quite dead. They had dragged the grate from its place, and put it in the middle of the room, lighted a fire in it. On an investigation the woman was discovered to be Madame Lemonnier, of 49, Rue Montmorency, and the man, M. Benoist, 23, Rue Vieille-du-Temple, both married, and both had quitted their families to end their lives in the manner described. *Galignani* reports that a murder was also committed on Friday, at about half-past two, at an eating-house, No. 7, Rue Cujas, under singular circumstances. A young man named Henri Touviot, aged 23, employed as a shop boy in the house of a shirtmaker, came to dine, and after his repast, on being asked to pay, declared that he had no money. The servant girl, Marie Cosard, thereupon told him that he should not leave without discharging his debt. Thereupon he started up and struck the woman with a triangular knife a violent blow between the breasts, and killed her on the spot. He then took to flight, but was pursued and arrested. On being taken before a commissary of police, he declared that he had only satisfied the desire he felt to kill somebody. On being brought into the presence of the corpse of his victim, he said that he knew nothing of her, and that he had acted only under a monomania. The man, who is tall and red-haired, with a very wild expression of countenance, was committed for trial. The French *Figaro* gives the following particulars, from which it would appear that the crime was prompted by a monomania: Five years ago, Thouviot, then aged 17, lived at St. Ouen, where a woman of thirty was one day assassinated. All the village, including himself, went to look at the body of the victim, which lay with dishevelled hair, eyes fixed, and bosom exposed and bleeding. At the sight Thouviot shuddered, but exclaimed, "After all, it is a fine thing to kill a living creature with one blow!" From this time the idea took root in his mind that he must also have his victim; in the end it became irresistible, and hence the crime. For a long time he haunted the public executions, and when, during the Commune, the *petroleuses* were shot in the streets, he confessed to a friend that the sight of their death was "balm to his blood."

Novel Bicycle Tour in Normandy.—A number of gentlemen, members of a club appropriately named "the Ariel," recently started from England for a bicycle tour in France. They went by way of Newhaven and Dieppe, and intended to travel on their mechanical steeds through some of the most interesting localities of Normandy and the north to Paris, and back by Amiens and Boulogne, returning to Dover after the lapse of about a fortnight. The tour was talked of for some months, and elaborate arrangements were made for securing its success and the comfort of the travellers. The Ariel Club is an association of many leading amateur bicycle riders, with the Hon. John Plunkett, of Dunsany Castle, as president; the Hon. Ion Keath Falconer, the Rev. W. Martin, M.A., Captain Rees Phillips, and Captain W. C. Colquhoun as vice-presidents; and Mr. Borthwick Smith, of Leamington, as hon. secretary. Local sections have been formed in some of the principal towns and centres of the country, and Continental sections were some time ago projected. The excursion is the first of a series which will be carried out in various parts of Europe should the club attain the favour to which it aspires. Upon the success of this experiment much of the future will depend.

"Chinese" Gordon Afoot Again.—Mr. Horace Waller writes as follows: Letters have come to hand from Colonel Gordon—"Chinese" Gordon of former days—who is carrying out a vast scheme at the instigation of the Khedive of Egypt, who aims at nothing else than the extinction of the slave traffic on the waters of the Upper Nile, and the introduction of lawful trade where all has been murder and terror for many years, the subject will command sufficient interest for me to beg a small space in your columns for the latest news. Tracing Colonel Gordon's steps since his departure, we find that by taking the Suez, Suakim, Berber, and Khartoum route, it is quite possible to reach Gondokoro (Ismailia), in 48 days from England, including a week's rest at Khartoum, and when we see that Colonel Gordon anticipates having steamers on Lake Albert Nyassa by November next, a great future seems to be opening out for the interior of Africa. Colonel Gordon looks on the opening of the "Sud" as the key to the whole problem. Leaving Khartoum on the 21st of April in a steamer, he visited the Sobat River and the various stations on either side, and reached Gondokoro before any news of his arrival in the country could get wind, and he was back again at Khartoum on the 4th of May, the only difficulty or delay arising from the cutting wood for fuel during this 43 days' trip. It is most gratifying to learn that, after such a dashing exploration of the country, he found on his return that his stores had arrived safely within four days' journey of Khartoum, on their way from Cairo. The slave trade appears to have been at its lowest ebb previous to Colonel Gordon's arrival in the land, and those who know him best may be quite sure that the power so wisely placed in his hands by the Khedive will, with firmness and mercy, be turned to the best account in extinguishing it altogether.

Dreadful Homicidal Tree.—The Upas tree—that innocent vegetable impostor which has so long done duty as a simile for all manner of evil influences—is destined to be altogether superseded in its metaphorical functions. The forests of Madagascar can scarcely have been in Byron's mind when he broke out so enthusiastically:

> "There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,"

supposing the accounts of a certain tree of death which, according to the *Garden*, grows therein, be anything like veracious. This dreadful horticultural homicide is large and lofty, and has leaves which first catch men and animals, and then retreat and hold them tight while it deliberately sucks their blood and eats their flesh. Finally the leaves expand again, leaving (as we are assured positively in one case) only a white skull at the foot of the tree. An active little lemur, as a witness asserts, was, in his own presence, kidnapped by the energetic and rapid movements of the tree, and shut up in it as in an umbrella. Mr. Charles Darwin, it is understood, is preparing for publication a report of some important researches on which he has been personally engaged, regarding the little "Sun-dew of the marshes—a plant whith represents the *Dionœa* in England, and, like "Venus' Fly-trap," gorges itself with an incredible quantity of tiny insects. Once more (says the *Echo*) we may congratulate ourselves on being the subjects of Queen Victoria, in whose home dominions plants threaten only the lives of midges, rather than of that excellent and truly enlightened female Sovereign, Ranavalona, under whom Madagascar has made such strides in civilisation, but whose forests actually grow murderers and cannibals.

Pursuit of an Escaped Nun.—The crowd of loungers assembled in one of the principal boulevards of the city of Liege was, according to a local journal, greatly startled one evening lately by the sudden apparition among them of a nun in the full costume of her order—long blue and white robes and a flowing veil, which swept the ground. She was pursued by a woman who tried to draw her into a side street. Violent altercations instantly arose between the spectators of this strange occurrence; some endeavouring to protect the fugitive from the violence with which she appeared to be threatened, others maintaining that she ought to be taken back to her convent. Meantime, a gentleman succeeded in driving the bewildered nun into the back street, and as a carriage passed by, he hailed it, put her into it, and drove into the court of a large convent in the neighbourhood, the gates of which were instantly closed. As it was soon discovered that the nun had escaped from that very establishment, just before her appearance on the boulevard, by means of a ladder left standing against the inside wall of the convent yard by some painters, the excitement of the population became very great, and an inquiry is now loudly demanded.

Aristocratic Gambling in Paris.—A good deal of scandal is created, says a Paris correspondent, by what took place a few nights ago in one of our most aristocratic clubs. It is reported that one of the younger members of the Assembly, belonging to the Right, lost in one night some £3000 at card playing, and that, during the same night, the son of one of our Secretaries of State, who has just been appointed by his father to a high situation, has lost over £12,000. People wonder, and ask whether this is the moral order Government which the Right are so fond of speaking of.

Terrible Hailstorms in Switzerland.—A series of most disastrous thunderstorms, accompanied by the fall of hail, has been visiting different localities of Switzerland, more especially the Cantons of Thurgau, St. Gall, and Berne. In the neighbourhood of Romanshorn most deplorable devastation has been wrought by the hail. The oldest men of the place cannot remember such a fearful storm. During twenty minutes the hailstones, driven by the storm, fell in such masses that they were to be seen the next day in heaps. The potatoes are completely destroyed; the vines are almost leafless; the corn, already shooting into ear, is beaten to the ground; the fruit trees are denuded of their produce; the gardens generally are desolate and empty. This year's harvest is gone. A fearful hailstorm broke over St. Gall and neighbourhood. The hailstones, which fell as large as small walnuts in some places, likewise remained till the next morning. The devastation is great throughout the district. In the parish of Balgach a young man was killed by lightning. Wachseldorn and part of the parish of Röthenbach, Canton of Berne, were also visited by a frightful hailstorm; even the grass and the trees are completely destroyed. The hailstones lay till the next day. The destruction of roofs and windows was very great.

Skating on India-Rubber Rollers.—The latest fashionable amusement of polite society in London is skating on rollers. Several weeks ago a skating club, of a highly aristocratic complexion, was formed, having its head-quarters at Prince's-grounds, near Sloane-square, where a large asphalte pavement has been laid for the accommodation of the members, who are already very numerous as well as select. Within the past few months this novel pastime, which was introduced into Paris in 1870, has become highly popular with the frequenters of Brighton and Cheltenham, and, judging from the enthusiasm of the skaters at Prince's-grounds, it is likely to become popular, as well as fashionable, in the metropolis. The ladies are taking to the sport, and, as it displays their figures to perfection in graceful attitudes and movements, that of itself ought to insure its success. Like croquet, skating on noiseless india-rubber rollers upon a solid asphalte pavement is not attended with any danger, and is therefore a suitable amusement for clergymen, several of whom have enrolled their names as members of the Skating Club. The exercise besides is healthy and invigorating, and ought to old its own against croquet and archery. It is quite as exciting as pigeon shooting, and much more innocent.

Courtship and Marriages of Convicts.—"I wish you was married and settled in the country," said Charles the Second's favourite, Rochester, to a dog that bit him. Perhaps some sentiment of this kind lies at the root of the encouragement given by the French Government to marriages among the convicts destined for the penal settlements. A vessel, freighted by the State, has sailed from Bordeaux with sixty women from different Houses of Correction, who have expressed a willingness to contract marriage with convicts in New Caledonia. The penitentiary and model farm at Bourail lately afforded great scope for match-making on the part of the authorities, as but few of the persons under sentence in that establishment were married. Fifteen of the men, however, one day expressed a desire to remedy this omission on their part, and their matrimonial intentions being cordially seconded by the governor, they were permitted to pay their addresses to the women convicts. The courtship was of a peripatetic nature, but little more formal than that which lends an idyllic charm to lanes and fields on Sunday evenings. The men convicts were authorised to join their companions in misfortune during their hour of exercise, and after "walking together" for a few consecutive days, they made their choice, and the marriages were celebrated with much penitential pomp, and followed by substantial gifts of clothing and concessions of land on the farm.

Threatened Uprising of Indians.—A despatch from Ottawa states that a general order from the Militia Department reduces the active militia force, for the purposes of drill and pay for the years 1874 and 1875, to 30,000 officers and men. A large number of companies, gazetted, but not equipped, are removed from the list of active militia. The death, by his own hand, of Assistant-Surgeon Vail, of the volunteer force, is announced. He distinguished himself at the Wimbledon meeting last year. The deceased was the son of Dr. Vail, Speaker of the late House of Assembly. It is stated that a telegram from the north-west conveys unfavourable news relating to a threatened uprising of the Cree and other Indian tribes, their grievance being that no commission has been appointed to settle the question of Indian reserves and to make other arrangements for the comfort of the Indians. They also fear that the mounted police about to be sent to the north-west have been organised for the purpose of forcing them into submission to the will of the white population.

The Mysterious Wild Beast in Ireland.—The unknown wild animal, called the dingo has again visited the neighbourhood of the classic regions of Cooraclare. The recipient of his favours on this occasion was Mr. John O'Brien, of Danganelly. Mr. O'Brien had left his sheep out for some time past, and the consequence is that four of them were killed, one of which was half-eaten, and sixteen wounded. Many strange surmises are rife among the farmers of this neighbourhood as to the probable nature of this animal. Some suppose it to be a wolf; some a brown bear; while some superstitious old women will tell you that it is neither one nor the other, but some condemned spirit who, for his blood-thirstiness in this life, has, as a punishment, been adjudged to continue it in the next. One thing is certain, however, that this mischievous creature, no matter what it is, will not be forgotten by the farmers of Kilmihill and Cooraclare for a few generations to come. His name has now become a "household word," and it is no uncommon thing at all to hear some of the folks in those localities swear by "the skin of the dingo."

Another Tichborne Case.—A daily contemporary says: "Santa Lucia, one of the Winward group of the West Indies, thirty-two miles in length by twelve in breadth, with an area of 160,000 acres, and a population of 28,000, is said to be absolutely lawless. Santa Lucia is a flourishing place. Basseterre, the habitable portion of the colony, is described in the *Planters' Gazette* as a sufficiently pleasant neighbourhood, 'with yellow sands and white-crested breakers, hedges of orange and citron and lemon, and tall feathery palms that tower heavenward like magnificent clumps of maidenhair fern, its only drawback being — that yellow fever is unpleasantly frequent, and the rain, as in the old song, 'raineth every day.' Sugar is grown, and coffee and cocoa and tobacco, and the few planters who form the aristocracy of Basseterre derive a handsome income from their estates. Still Santa Lucia has a grievance. According to the account printed in the journal quoted, the Santa Lucians are subject to a law which their own local lawyers give up as hopeless, and which their own Chief Justice does not so much as profess to understand.' The island was originally a sort of 'neutral territory. belonging neither to England nor to France.' In 1763 it was ceded to the French, but retaken by the English in 1803; it was definitely signed to Great Britain by the Treaty of Paris. As a result of these changes, the island is governed neither by the law of England nor by that of France. 'Theoretically, the system is that which prevailed in France before the Code Napoleon. Practically, it is a jumble of old French law interpreted by modern English text-books, and the result is confusion of a nature so terrible as almost to paralyse the commerce which Santa Lucia boasts.' A case of libel just tried by Chief Justice Armstrong fully justified this unfavourable description. It was a small matter, and came before the Court in the usual way. The pleadings occupied 91 pages. Then followed 'demurrers, counter-demurrers, replications, rejoinders, sur-rejoinders, and other such legal pleasantries,' until at last about a ton and a half of paper had accumulated on the files of the court before the trial began. The trial itself lasted eight months, and the proceedings are described as having, 'from their complication and the legal subtleties to which they gave rise,' fallen little short of the Tichborne case itself. In the end the prosecutor obtained twelve pence damages. The Lord Chief Justice attributed the miscarriage to the conflicting system of jurisprudence in force in the island, and we may confess that the account of the case makes us wish for an intelligible code for all our colonies alike."

Making a Scoop of a Skull.—The advocates of cremation may find some support for their arguments in favour of reducing deceased persons to ashes with all convenient speed, from the fact reported by a foreign journal that the skull of Donizetti has been found in a position which cannot but be most painful to the admirers of departed genius. It appears that the physician who made a *post-mortem* examination of Donizetti's remains, asked leave to keep the upper part of the skull, which, as long as he lived, he duly preserved as a venerated relic of the composer. The physician died, however, bequeathing his property to a nephew of utilitarian proclivities, who, finding the precious skull among his uncle's treasures, and being in business as a grocer, converted it into a scoop for the reception of coppers paid over the counter. The municipality of Bergamo, where this shocking desecration took place, became aware of the fact, and claimed the *memento-mori*.

Music Hall Ditties.—"Lounger," in the *Pictorial World*, says: A recent prosecution for libel on the part of the South London Music Hall has once more drawn special attention to the character of the ballads sung at this class of establishment. The truth is, with few exceptions, the music-hall songs are grossly immoral in their tendencies. Unfortunately, through burlesque writers, they are not confined to the vulgar, for no sooner is such a song as "The Scamp" whistled or sung about the streets than it is transferred to the stage. True, the dramatic adapter tones it down, but he gives a relish for the original which society takes an early opportunity to gratify, and music-hall manners, modes of thought, and ideas of humour, are thus brought within the family circle. The very titles of these compositions ought to be sufficient to exclude them from all decent society; but just as we tolerate half-nude figures of unknown "beauties" in our albums, so do we gradually come to permit in our music portfolios a host of pieces with suggestively vulgar and immodest titles, which I am told not only make the fortunes of comic singers, but enable publishers to drive their carriage. As to the song of "The Scamp"—which, in spite of its title, is, perhaps, the best of the recent music hall productions, since it has a touch of humour—I hear that he who wrote it makes from £30 to £60 a week by singing it. "His Heart was True to Poll" was mentioned by Lord Porterhouse the other night at the club, as an example to be quoted against any sweeping denunciation of music hall songs. But this funny ballad first appeared in *Punch*, and it has never been sung at a music hall. It was introduced by its author, Mr. F. C. Burnand, into his burlesque of *Poll and Partner Joe*. A critic, treating the subject of humorous songs the other day, referred to the popularity of "Down Among the Coals," "If ever I Cease to Love," "Old Brown's Daughter," and "Up in a Balloon," as evidence that we have no really comic song writers; but he evidently had not read the "Bab Ballads," nor Mr. H. Leigh's songs; nor taken note of the quaint bits of humorous verse floating about in our newspaper and periodical literature. Jolly Nash, Vance, Leybourne, and the other pets of the fast young men of London, have a monopoly, and they seem to have formed the taste of the crowd which they supply. Moreover, they and their own "private poets" have the shrewdness to select really "taking" melodies for their songs, and this helps the words immensely. I heard a famous vocalist at a private party sing some real love poetry to the tune of "Champagne Charlie," with an accompaniment by Mr. J. L. Hatton, and the effect was remarkable. In the same manner I have heard "Old Brown's Daughter" exquisitely harmonised. If our burlesque writers, when they translate ballads from the music halls to the theatres, would really fit the tunes with worthy words, they might be forgiven a portion of the sin of perpetuating cad-ballads; but, as a rule, the adaptations are almost as vulgar as the originals.

Railway Feeding in America.—Look at our "railway feeding." Near nightfall the train pulls up at a station. "Fifteen minutes for supper!" yells the brakeman. It is ten too many. In a third of the alloted time every blessed American of us has gulped down his share of nightmare in the seed. We devour it like Jeremy Diddler in the play, with overcoats and hats on, and, if any way possible, with a cane or umbrella thrust under each arm, and such other incumbrances as may occur to us. Surely we Yankees have an instinct for inconvenience, because no mere industry or forethought could provide so many petty miseries for the details of everyday life as we spontaneously and without effort invent. The propensity of our countrymen to eat in public with their hats on, tilting upon the highest and most insecure stools, is astonishing. At the eating-houses rows of hot, hatted men crowd around a lunch-counter, while yonder are empty hat pegs, and a step further are empty chairs, at clean tables, in an airy room. The hurry, the deafening clatter of stone china against a marble slab, the chance to wear a hat while dining, the inherited slops and crumbs of one's predecessor at the meal, the greasy mops of the waiters, the sharp elbows of one's neighbours, the all-pervading hot steams and smells, the mad struggle for bad food, are coveted nuisances that give the lunch-counter irresistible attractions over the tranquil table to your true American.—*Galaxy*.

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CHAPTER XXVII.

MANY A SLIP.

The silence in the vale seemed awful now, not even the chirp of a grasshopper being heard in that glow of heat. For a few minutes Larry had heard the rustle made by Dawson as he went on, in accordance with their ruse. Then he had evidently stopped and was listening, perhaps covering with his rifle the way the Indian must come, in case Larry might miss.

Larry listened—not a sound.

"Bedad! and it's astonishing," said Larry to himself, "how mighthy heavy this bit of stick is when you howld it up so long. Bad luck to Master Copperskin when he comes! for it will rest all the heavier on his dirthy head."

How long it seemed, and not a token of the savage coming—not even the faintest sound—rustle of leaf or movement of stone.

"Ah, bedad! and he's gone some other way, the chating thief," grumbled Larry to himself. "And he won't come this road at all. Oh, the omadhaun, when if he'd only have shown his shadow for a moment, I'd have known where to find his head, and have given him as purty a tap as ever fell from a bit o' blackthorn! Now, which way will he be gone, and what'll I do now?"

Larry's face was screwed up in perplexity as he glanced behind him to see if it were possible for him to be taken in the rear; but no, that was well protected by rocks, and he went on, watching and listening.

"Ah, and he's gone intirely: perhaps to fetch some more of the blaygards; and making a fool of me like this, the desaver—looking so thruthful and sure to come by as he did. Bedad! he shall have a hard one for this if he ——"

Crack!

There had not been the faintest sound, and Larry, whose arm ached tremendously—"like a whole score of rhoomyticks," as he expressed it—as he stood there close to the square block, saw the Indian's bent head suddenly come into view, and the stick fell like lightning.

The Indian saw him, and was in the act of darting back as the blow fell; but he was too late, and without a cry he rolled over amongst the brushwood, face downwards.

"Did it hurt?" said Larry derisively, as he ran to the Indian's side, and took away knife, tomahawk, and bow-and-arrows.

"Cleverly done, Larry," said Dawson in a whisper, as he ran up; and then going back a few paces to where they had first seen the Indian on their track, he stood and watched all along the valley without seeing another foe.

"Is he much hurt?" said Dawson, coming back.

"Bedad! and I don't know," said Larry, rubbing his chin and staring blankly at the prostrate savage; "he won't spake at all, though I've thried him twyste."

"The poor wretch is dead," said Dawson, stooping and turning the Indian over.

"None o' your blarney now, Misther Dawson, sor," said Larry, looking horrified. "Sure, an' I didn't even thry to kill him."

For answer Dawson pointed to the savage's indented skull, where on the bare, smooth surface, denuded of hair, the stroke of Larry's stick showed its deadly trace.

"Bud I didn't mane to kill the poor baste," said Larry, whose brown face looked rather ghastly. "It's putting a thrick on a man to timpt him into sthreckin' a blow, and only having a head as tinder as a basin."

"He's dead enough, poor wretch," said Dawson; "but he would have killed us without mercy had he had a chance. Look at those."

Dawson pointed to seven ghastly trophies hanging at the Indian's belt.

"And what are thim, now?" said Larry.

"Scalps," was the reply—"the proofs of seven lives he has taken." And Dawson turned over the horrible relics, two being Indian, and the others the locks of whites, one bearing the long fair tresses of a woman.

"Look at that, now," said Larry, whose face fast resumed its former colour. "Oh, if that's been his game, and he would have paled my poor head in that fashion—— Oh, bad luck to the baste! I ain't sorry at all, at all. Here, let's hide him away."

"It's of little use, if his fellows seek him," said Dawson, as Larry performed the rites of sepulture with bushes and pieces of rock, while he again thoroughly examined the route by which they had come.

"An' d'ye think he would have taken our scalps like that, Misther Dawson, sor?" said Larry, whose conscience was still troubling him.

"Ours, Larry?" said Dawson; "yes, even those of the tender women, who are watching for our return."

"Hurroo!" said Larry, "that's satisfying. Ye see, Misther Dawson, sor, I didn't feel aisy in me mind, and niver a praste no where near to say a bit of confession to. Bud all the same I didn't mane to kill the savage. An' what'll we do now?"

"Wait for night, Larry; it is our only chance."

Through the long hours there they waited, after taking up as commanding a position as they could find, one which gave them just a glimpse of the opening of the ravine where the rest of the party lay. The sun began to decline at length, but still there was no sign of other Indians, and they hoped at last that this was a scout left behind by some roving band.

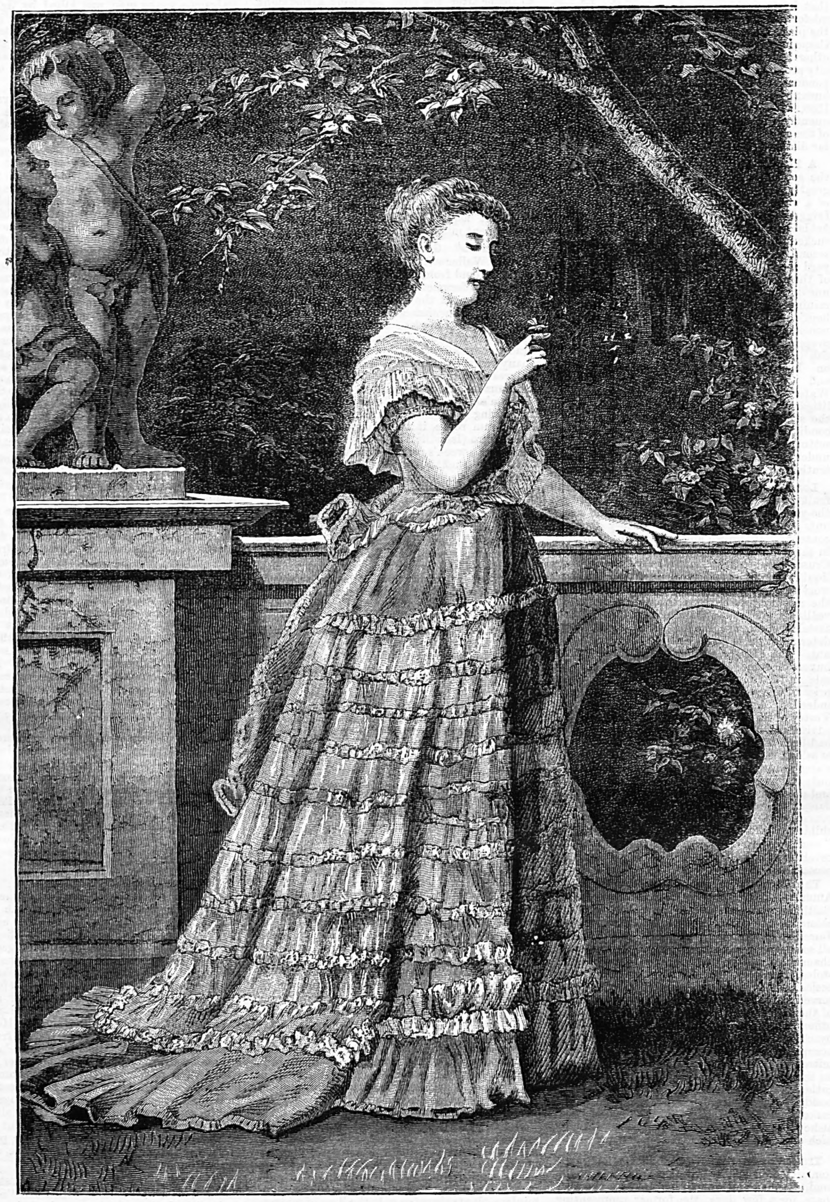
It was possible; but probably the band was within easy reach—perhaps in the valley at the present moment; and, eager as he was to rejoin the others, Dawson felt that he must watch and wait.

"If I could only have a pipe," said Larry, "I wouldn't mind; but they'd smell it a mile away, and wouldn't rest till they'd come and stole me pouch."

The dark shadows at length, seeming to flow along the valley and fill it up by slow degrees like a flood of gloom, till it rose higher and higher, and the bright tints that had lingered upon the mountain tops died away in turn. Then with cautious steps the two men started back for the ravine, still taking every precaution, and stopping and listening again and again, till, with breath more freely drawn, they reached the ravine without interruption, and now began to make what speed they could.

Half a mile from the entrance they were challenged by Adams, who had a long tale to tell of the anxiety that had been felt; and how this was the fourth journey he had made down to the entrance of the ravine to see if they were returning.

He was for returning at daybreak once more far up into the mountains, but Dawson had another proposal to make, and that was, that it would be better to make the best of their way back across the desert with the women, leaving the gold where it had been placed, and returning at some future time without so tremendous a charge.



FLY AWAY, BUTTERFLY.

But this was overruled by Adams, and it was settled, as they returned to the little camp, that it would be well to hold to their original plans, watching the next morning at the entrance from some well-picked post of observation.

The night passed peacefully away, and the morning broke unclouded; and soon after it was light, Dawson and Adams were down at the mouth of the ravine, where they had not been ten minutes, when from far up the valley came the sounds of hoofs, and by the time they had carefully ensconced themselves in a rift which commanded a view along the hollow, it was to become aware of the fact that a body of fifty or sixty Indians was in motion, the men for the most part mounted, with the women walking or riding on other horses laden with their poles and skins. A camp had been broken up, and the tribe was seeking the mouth of the valley, evidently to cross the plain for some fresh hunting spot.

It was a nervous time for the watchers, knowing, as they did, the quick perceptions of their enemies, and the ease with which they could detect a trail when their suspicions were aroused. But they were bound to watch them, and hope that no adverse fate would tempt them to turn aside and come up the ravine, in which case their fate would have been sealed, unless, by a desperate resistance, they could beat them back, while the mules were driven higher up.

On they came, fierce savage warriors—old men and striplings, painted and bedizened; their hair ornamented with feathers, and their long blankets hung loosely over one shoulder. For the most part they were well mounted, and it was plain to Dawson, after a close study of their features, that the man whom they had encountered had formed one of their band.

Perhaps no position is more trying to the nerves of a man than that where, in the face of a deadly peril, he is condemned to inactivity, to wait with every fibre strung while that danger comes nearer and nearer as it did here, till at last, to the horror of the two watchers, they saw the leaders of the band rein up in front of the opening and halt, while the whole of the tribe straggled up.

It was evident that they were coming up the ravine; and Dawson's eyes met those of Adams in a look full of anguish and despair.

Even in that time of peril, Adams could not help thinking of the change that had come upon his companion, and how his thoughts were then all centred upon the woman he loved, waiting a couple of miles back for their return.

Then, in a low whisper, as they lay there behind the stones, they made their plans, which must be full of bloodshed. From where they lay hid they could pick off one by one the men who approached; and their only hope was that the loss of three or four would so discourage and damp them as to afford time for escape.

It was a forlorn hope: two against forty or so well-armed Indians, some of whom carried rifles; but just, at what seemed to be the last extremity, when a couple of Indians rode a short distance into the ravine, and fingers were laid on triggers, aims taken, and a couple of deadly shots about to open the fray, the watchers breathed more freely, for the party was once more in motion, a couple of whoops were given as if to call up stragglers, and they slowly rode out towards the mouth of the valley, where it debouched upon the salt plain.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

LOADING FOR THE JOURNEY.

If ever prayer of thankfulness was offered up it was breathed now by these two men, as, utterly prostrated in nerve by the fierce test to which they had been put, they lay back there in the shadow, Dawson with his face buried in his hands. But a short time after he got up with a dash of his old American recklessness of danger, and said laughingly:

"Well, Adams, old fellow, that was shaving very close."

Adams nodded, and did not speak, looking so serious that Dawson held out his hand, which the other pressed heartily.

"We are earning our gold, I think," said Adams at last. "If there is much more of this sort of thing I shall turn grey."

"We got on too easily at first," said Dawson, grimly.

"Easily?" said Adams; "I like that. Why, saving our stay at the lake, our lives have been in our hands almost every hour of the day."

"But we have got the gold," said Dawson.

"Have we?" said Adams.

"There, hang it, man! I'm getting strong again now, and a little more ready to do anything that comes in my way. It won't do to fall sick at the eleventh hour."

"No," said Adams; "but reaction will come after these tugs at your nerves. I'm all right again now."

He jumped up and shook himself.

"Now," he said, "what next?"

Dawson dragged him back into the shelter of the rocks, as a couple of Indians came loping by at a long, easy trot, silently, and looking from side to side as they hurried after their companions.

A grim smile passed between the adventurers, who now lay watching for a couple of hours, after which, glass in hand, Dawson climbed up and up to where he could get a view of the mouth of the valley, and also see a part of its length; but though he looked long and anxiously, sweeping every portion with his glass, not a trace of danger could be seen, and a hopeful feeling that they were at last free was allowed to rise.

Returning to where the little tent had been set up, it was settled that they should wait a day or two where they were, so as to give the Indians time to get well on their way; but this necessitated journeys for water, which had to be most cautiously performed, the necessary liquid being obtained from the little stream to which the mules were driven as soon as darkness had set in, and without adventure.

Then followed a day of calm rest, so as to recruit for the coming troubles, and the next day the reconnoitring for danger began once more, before bringing down mules and baggage to the old spot for loading up.

They had not gone far from the ravine before traces of the Indians' occupation grew plainer. They lay on the further side of the valley, which accounted for their not having been noticed by Dawson in his exploring trip with Larry; but here had been fires, there bones lay about that seemed to be those of bison, besides other tokens of camping down and a tolerably lengthy stay.

Then they went to the mouth of the valley and searched the plain with the aid of the glass, but there was the broad-track going right off south-west, nearly obliterated by the wind-blown dust, that was all; so an expedition was made in the other direction with similar results. They were apparently alone in the valley.

On examining the old spot where they had themselves halted so long, it was evident that the Indians had examined it pretty closely; part of the hut was torn down, but its ruins lay across the rocks that had been piled over the *caché*, and a few plants that had been stuck in the crevices between with a little soil, and started with a drop of water, had grown and given an aspect of nature to the place, and also plainly showed that it had not been disturbed.

Safe at last they felt sure now, and, after a final glance round, they returned to the ravine, where the mules were patiently waiting; and, Larry going to the head, the little train moved slowly out, Dawson muttering softly as he walked by the side of the mule which bore Mary.

"Surely fate will favour us now."

A short rest, and then the rocks were attacked, heaved aside, and went rattling and rolling down the steep slope, each making a little avalanche of smaller stones.

There were great drops of perspiration on each man's forehead as he worked, for, in spite of the feeling of certainty, doubt would creep in, and say to each in a sneering whisper:

"Suppose the gold is gone!"

There seemed to be a kind of magnetised attraction, and a sympathy of feeling as they paused from their labour, making excuse that they were thirsty; and, in that supreme moment, with the treasure lying within their reach, they hesitated to remove the last coverings, and lay it bare.

Adams looked at Dawson, and wiped his brow.

Dawson imitated the action, while downright Larry looked from one to the other, and exclaimed:

"Ah, bedad! and suppose there's been thayves!"

Dawson made an effort over himself, uttered a short pettish laugh, and, stooping down, threw out the last stones, removed a little sand, and then thrust his hands down through the rest.

There he remained motionless, while in blank despair, Adams and Larry both silently formed with their lips the word "Gone!"

"Safe as the bank!" shouted Dawson, hauling out a couple of bags; and then, scraping out the rest of the sand from the rocky hole, he drew forth the little heavy bags of glittering, yellow metal, while the others transferred it safely to the sack-like wallets they had contrived for the backs of the mules.

"Don't it feel delicious?" said Larry, hugging the treasure to his heart, as he carried it down to the mule being laden. Och! it's an illigant-patterned waistcoat I'll be thrating meself to, along wid a blue coat and brass buttons—— Bedad!" he said, after a pause, "brass! I'll have 'em of gould."

The loading went on, mule after mule having his share, the wallet-like bags hanging well balanced on either side, and a light pack being placed on that. It was tempting work, and no little prudence was required to keep back the desire which prompted them to load the faithful beasts with a heavier burden than they could easily bear. Larry, too, was for making everybody fill his pockets with the glistening ore; but Dawson's voice prevailed when he said they would want all their strength spared from the journey to carry their arms.

There was a fair portion of gold to leave behind, and this was carefully covered in once more with sand and stones, brought down from above to save labour; then a few shovelsful of earth, and some plants thrust in here and there, completed the task; and, as the sun went down, they partook of a hearty meal; the signal was given, Dawson went ahead as scout, and the little train was put in motion, the mules picking their way through the rocks "like angels," as Larry said, on their way into the rugged desert. Then travelling by compass, and continuing their journey, after a short halt or two, right through the night, the day being given up to rest.

It was a long and arduous journey over the alkali plains; and more than once they had to blame themselves for being led by the desire for wealth into risking the loss of all by loading the mules too heavily. Again and again in the weary tramp did they threaten to break down, and the case seemed hopeless, when they were saved by their nearness to water. One breakdown was so thorough that they actually had to unload and leave the hard-won treasures buried in the loose dust and sand, while they drove the unburdened mules on some miles to water and let them rest. And afterwards when they sought the bags again, the wind had obliterated the track, and Adams and his companion, who had come alone to reload the mules, sat down and stared blankly in each others' faces.

"So near home, too!" said Dawson, with a groan, for he was still weak, and the journey had tried him heavily.

"It must have been here that we placed them—close to that bush," said Adams; and then he stopped, for he saw the folly of his remark, "that bush" of sage brush was repeated all over the plain for miles and miles with a vexatious exactness of resemblance, and on going a few yards further on he was just as convinced that the next he saw was the right one.

They rested for awhile, and then took another good look round in every direction; but without result, and the fact stared them in the face that all their journey with its risks and labour had been thrown away by such an absurd mishap as this.

"I know what we'll do," said Adams. "I think I see how we can manage."

Dawson looked at him despondingly.

"We'll go back to the water without saying a word. You have turned weak and poorly with your journey, so I have brought you back, and come to fetch Larry to help me."

Dawson nodded listlessly, mounted one of the mules, and together they retraced their steps to where the tent was set up, by a spring of water amongst some rocks, just where a spur of the mountains came down into the plain.

There was plenty of anxiety displayed at their return, but Adams's explanation was accepted without a word, and Larry took charge of the mules after an hour's rest.

"Now, see," said Larry to his master, "how cliverly that little baste Pete will go right away to where we left the loads. It's a wonder, too, when he can't see his futmarks."

The problem was solved, for, unguided by Larry, the little mule set off as leader, and trudged slowly across the dry, dusty plain, as if marking a bee-line to the spot where it had been relieved of its load; and just at sun-down came to a halt by the side of a slight eminence, which Adams knew in a moment as the sand they had heaped over the bags.

He said nothing to Larry, who worked away at the loading in perfect ignorance of the strange problem he had helped to solve. Two hours after they were back by the water, where they halted for the rest of the night.

CHAPTER XXIX.

IN THE ALKALI DESERT.

Another bright, clear, scorching day, and by marching soon they hoped to reach the entrance of the valley which had proved one of so many perils on their outward journey. After so long an absence they felt no fear of encountering the rough party who had pursued them, but there was still danger from Indians. They might at any moment find that they were pursued; the trail that had proved so obscure to them after the passage of the wind and dust for a few hours might be an easily-read track for the savage.

Arms then were examined, and anxious glances cast around as the little train passed on. Distant bushes were constantly taken for enemies until the glass was brought into use, and the real nature of the object seen.

As they neared the opening to the valley the old dangers were discussed, and plans made for getting the gold safely deposited in one of the banks, such conversation lightening the journey in spite of the hot sun and bitter choking dust which the mules kicked up at every step. The future, too, wore so pleasant and sunny an aspect that it naturally brightened the conversation.

The last stage before reaching the valley more than half crossed, and familiar objects coming into sight—the high ridge under which they stood when the mule driver tried to betray them; the wall-like breast work of rock under which they passed in the bright moonlight where the desperadoes lay asleep; and the mountains rising up in low ridge above ridge, showing where the long valley lay. Plenty of familiar points, and the next subject taken up was where they should halt that night.

"Get on, will ye," cried Larry, just in the midst of one of the conversations. He was not addressing the travellers, but the mules, who, poor beasts, were getting very sluggish. "What are ye coughing and sneezing about, you Pete, setting the other brutes a bad example?

"I make nothing of it to thim, yer honour," he said, with a wink, to Dawson; "but what a place it is. The dust's like bad snuff that's been spoiled, and I'm about choked with it intirely. One oughtn't to travel widout a parish water-cart to lay the dust. Now thin, me boys," he continued, turning to the mules, "come along, and there'll be an extra taste for ye apiece."

Another hour's journey over the hot plain, and still the entrance to the valley seemed very distant, when, leaving the mules to trudge on after their leader, Larry slackened his pace, whistling softly the while till he was abreast of Dawson.

"Will ye give me a light for me pipe, sor?" he said.

Dawson halted, and the little train went on, Larry taking the offered match, sheltering it in his cap as he struck it, and puffing at his pipe.

"Don't let them see you, Misther Dawson, sor, but take out your glass, and see what thim black beetle-looking things are down under the sun. They was only big as flies last time I see 'em; now they're like beetles; and they seem as if they'd grow into sheep.

Dawson took a rapid survey through his glass.

"Indians! mounted and evidently in pursuit," he exclaimed. "Good heavens! are we never to be out of our troubles?"

"How far is it to the rocks, yer honour?" said Larry.

"Quite a mile, I'm afraid," was the reply.

"Here's for it, thin; only don't say I'm running away," said Larry.

He started off on the instant and caught up to the mules, speaking an encouraging word and stroking the ears of each in turn.

"Now, Pete," he exclaimed to the foremost, "niver mind the load, me boy, come along."

The leader pricked up his ears an stepped out at a better pace, the others taking their cue from it; and the dust rose thicker, though where it cleared the rocks in front—the haven of safety—grew plainer each moment.

Frank saw by a glance from Dawson that something was wrong, but he said nothing, only looked here and there till he made out the danger, when, without ostentation or fuss, he stood to his arms.

This passed unnoticed by Mrs. Adams, but Mary caught sight of the preparations, and looking back, first saw her brother and then Larry similarly engaged. A minute after her quick eye caught the Indians in pursuit, the party separating now, and one turning off a little to the right as if to cut them off from the rocks.

"We shall do it yet, sor," said Larry, cheering on the mules, the tired beasts responding well to the call made upon them; but the Indians were coming up fast.

"Once amongst the rocks we shall be pretty safe," said Dawson; "their horses cannot follow where our mules will go." Shall we throw away some of the gold?"

"No!" said Frank, stubbornly, "we've got it and we've fought for it so far; let's hold by it now."

"But the women," said Dawson, hoarsely. "Your sister—think of her!" he exclaimed.

"I do," said Adams; "and of my wife." "Keep a good heart, man, and a steady hand; they'll be within shot soon."

If they could only have dashed on at a gallop, similar to that of their pursuers, the excitement of the flight would have been bearable; but it was so much refined torture to jog steadily on, held back as it were by those plodding mules, whose heavy burdens turned the flight into a sort of nightmare progress that was horrible.

Not a hundred yards away now from the nearest rocks, and the noise of hoofs over the plain coming with a low rushing noise, while the enemy were almost hidden in a cloud of dust.

"Will the mules keep on, Larry?" said Dawson, hastily.

"To be sure, if Miss Mary goes to their heads and encourages thim so."

Mary Adams gave one quick glance at her lover, and seemed as if she would run to his side; but she ran to the head of the mules, and they went steadily on at their old pace.

"Not fifty yards now, and they would be amongst rocks which would preclude the advance of horses; but before then it seemed as if the Indians must be upon them, as they dashed on in two parties—one in the rear and the other at the flank to cut them off.

Twenty yards—ten yards; the Indians seemed about to ride over them, when, startled by the coming horsemen, the mules set up a sluggish trot and were amongst the boulders. In another minute they were between the high stony walls of the valley gates, plodding along as quietly as ever, too weary to take further notice of the horses; while the three men, who had taken advantage of the first stones they came to for shelter from the charge, now discharged their rifles with low aim right into the coming body of horsemen.

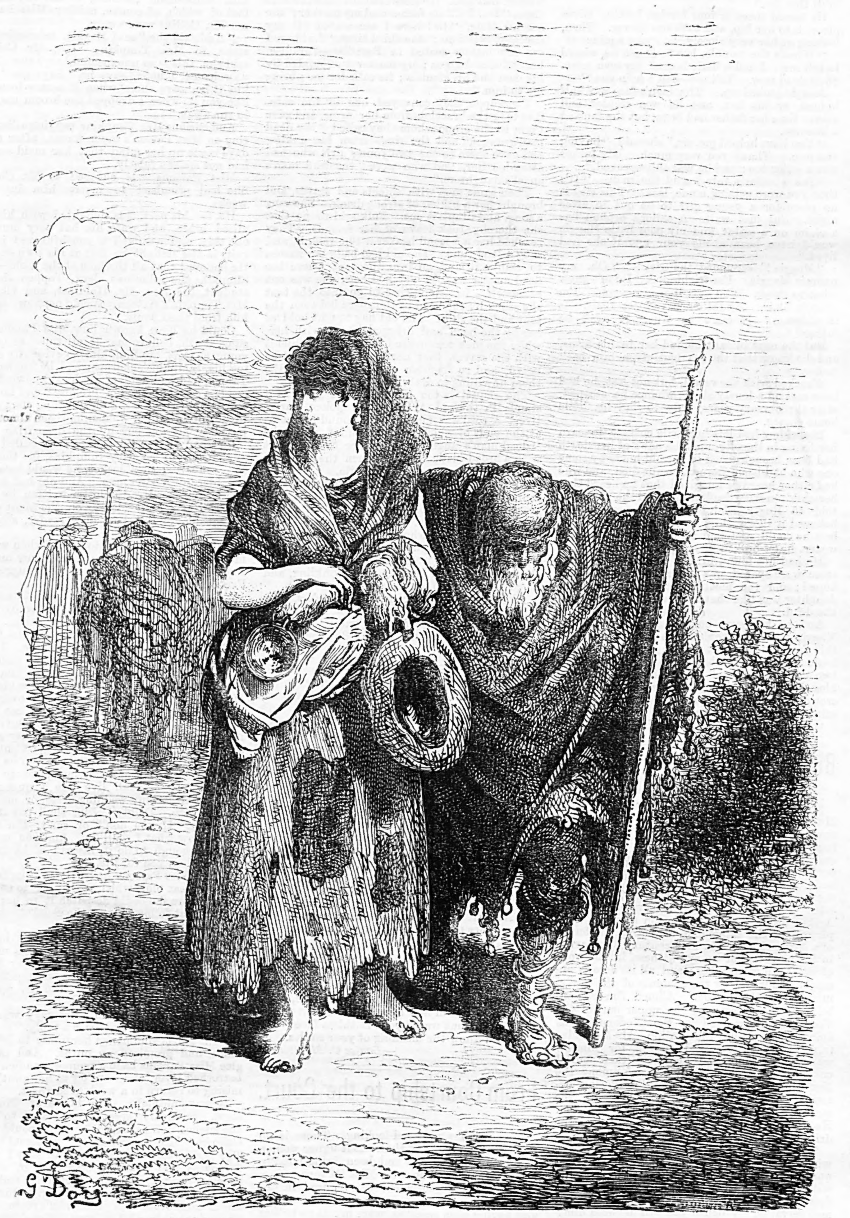
The effect was electric: three horses fell in front, and before those who came behind could rein in, half-a-dozen more were struggling upon the sand.

This gave the little party of defenders time to run back fifty yards and take up a better position, from which, as the Indians came yelling up, they sent three more shots amongst them, wounding horses and effectually checking the attack.

Loading rapidly, they waited for the next comers; but there was a pause, and pursuing their former tactics, the defenders of the valley again retreated, this time to higher ground, where, well secured from an attack by horsemen, they had those who advanced on foot entirely at their mercy.

Another retrograde movement, after giving the mules time to get some distance, placed them where they could regularly command the entrance, and here they watched and waited an attack which never came; for, thoroughly discouraged and with five horses badly hurt, the Indians drew off. Theirs was warfare in the plain, not amongst rocks and chasms, where their horses were of no avail; and the little party of defenders breathed more freely as, from the highest point to which they could climb, they watched the disappearance of the foe right away across the wild plain, where at sundown all that was to be seen with the glass was a faint cloud of dust on the far-off horizon.

The journey through the valley was wearisome and tedious, but unmarked by adventure, for it seemed that now fate was tired of pursuing them with her stings. They had worked hard for their prosperity, and it seemed as if the reward were to come. But they felt far from satisfied as yet. Even when the valley was passed, they had a toilsome journey before them. The loads were heavy, the mules disposed to give up, and provender ran very short. There was still the possibility of the cup being snatched from their very lips.



SPANISH BEGGARS.

At last, when the distance to the city was growing short, they held what Larry called a council of war, to settle how and when they should enter the place. The ladies, who were tanned and travel-stained beyond recognition, now that they were once more approaching the regions of civilisation, were for entering the city in the dusk of the evening; but Adams wisely considered that their valuable convoy must be safer in broad daylight, and was for entering at mid-day.

"What do you say, Dawson?" he asked, as he handed round the last of their biscuits, which they ate with the accompaniment of water from a spring.

"I agree with you," was the reply, though it was evident that Dawson was thinking of quite another treasure than the one he had toiled for so hard.

"And you, Larry," said Adams—"you have a share in the treasure."

"Sure, sor, I say, split the difference."

"Split the difference!" said Adams, laughing. "What take part in by day—part by night?"

"No, sor; let the ladies stop back in some place along wid you till it gets dusk; and Misther Dawson and I will drive the mules up to the big bank in the middle of the day."

This did not quite meet Dawson's views; but he saw that it fitted, and he gave way; and so the arrangement was made that morning—Adams staying behind on the outskirts at a place—half hotel, half farm—where they found a respectable host and hostess, and Dawson and Larry, blackened, unkempt and wild-looking, drove their mule-train right into the city, attracting some little attention by their strange aspect, but reaching the bank and seeing their treasure weighed in safety."

"Bedad!" said Larry, as they slowly walked away; it's horrible stuff that same gould, Misther Dawson, sor. I've felt murderous ever since we've had it."

"Murderous, Larry?" said Dawson, leading the way to the old hotel.

"To be sure, sor; expecting someone to murder me, or that I should have to murder someone to take care of it. It's a blessed relief to be free."

"Well, we'll be free of the mules next," said Dawson; and that freedom was soon arrived at by a settlement with the landlord of the Chesapeake, who was ready to receive them with open arms.

And so those loafers frightened you away, did they, stranger?" he said. "Ah! they went away on some expedition for a week or so, and then they came back, when two got shot, and two more shut up by the police. The others are skeerce. And where have you been? Making a pile somewhere, I bet."

Anxiety about those left behind was set at rest by their appearance soon after dusk at the hotel, where they arrived without further adventure.

CHAPTER XXX.

HOW IT ENDED.

It is needless to say that there was a wedding before many weeks were over, and Mary Adams became the wife of the wealthy American, Caleb Dawson—wealthy, for the treasure weighed out beyond the expectations of the adventurers.

There was a difficulty in the way about Larry and his share—what it should be.

"He has a right to claim his third," said Dawson, bluffly; "for, though I originated the expedition, it was to search for the silver mine, and he found the gold."

"An' is it I'd be such a sneak as take a third?" said Larry. "Bedad! an' I won't. I should fale like a dirthy spalpeen of a robber. No, I shall go in now for being a gintleman, an' I won't begin badly. Father Doolan was the finest gintleman I ever knew—a regular model. Oh! the way in which he could handle a stick! Well, yer honour, he was a gintleman and he knew it; and he used to say, says he, 'a gintleman's rights is the tithes.' So that's what I'll have—give me the tithe."

And Larry would not alter his demand; so his share was a tenth of the treasure, with which for a long time past he has been going back to Ireland, but he never starts.

"You see, misthress, dear," he would say when sitting in the kitchen of Frank Adams's pleasant mansion, built up in the hills close by that of Caleb Dawson and his wife, "it's such a long journey, an' the say's so salt. I shan't go jist yet. An' maybe we'll be going across the desert again some day to work out more gold."

That day seemed distant though; and the last tidings that arrived in England were, that Dawson and Adams held a number of shares in a company that was working at a tremendous profit some large silver mine.

THE END.

Running the Rapids.

On the evening of the 15th of September our boats glided into the far-famed waters of the Colorado.

This river is formed by the junction of the Green and Grand Rivers. It is, at its source, three hundred feet wide, and very deep. The cañons rise sixteen hundred feet on each side, the view from the top being very extensive and novel. As far as the sight can reach, a smooth, flat rock spreads out in every direction in unbroken monotony, save when, here and there, a *butte* or pinnacle looms up like some stern guardian of the stony waste. Many of these pinnacles are from three hundred to one thousand feet high, composed of the most exquisite party-coloured sandstone, and cut and washed by the sand-storms into the most grotesque and fantastic forms. On some portions of the plain they are grouped so as to present the appearance of a grove; others resemble ruined cities and castles in the distance, and still others are like the mammoths and saurians of bye-gone ages browsing quietly. Standing among these weird piles, we were reminded of Irving's "Ruins of the Alhambra," and a strange feeling, such as the prophet might have experienced, returning, after a thousand years, to walk alone amid the desolated piles of Tyre and Sidon, and the cities of the plain, came over us.

Some parts of this table-land, being rent in great fissures, are extremely difficult to explore. Climbing up and down smooth rocks at an angle of 45 deg. is a work for "tooth and nail," and it requires some little nerve to leap across a chasm six or eight feet wide, and so deep that the bottom is not discernable. Often we would stop and throw large boulders down. For several minutes we could hear them bound and rebound against the sides, then a dull thud would announce that they had struck bottom. A misstep in a place like this is not pleasant to contemplate. The major gave this rocky territory the name of "Sin-an-ten-weep"—God's Land—but it seemed no refuge for any of God's creatures—neither bird of the air nor beasts of the field. Several miles back from the river we found a depression, in the form of a basin, half a mile in circumference, and surrounded by a forest of pinnacles.

On the 18th of September, having completed the exploration of the junction of the rivers, we again took to the boats, and run ten miles, and eleven dangerous rapids, in very short time. Among the boulders of the cañon we now found considerable limestone, and an occasional block of marble, of a rich brown hue. The walls kept lifting higher and higher until, at nightfall of the 22nd, we found them towering above us twenty-three hundred feet in perpendicular line! The difficulties in navigating the river at this point may be inferred from the fact that we were one whole day in going three miles.

On the 26th we camped under an overhanging wall three thousand feet in height and, discovering a beautiful gorge extending back into the mountain, determined to pursue it for a little way. A quarter of a mile from the river the gorge opened out into a little valley one-half mile in length, and an eighth of a mile across; and at the end of this, contracted into a narrow cañon leading back to the Snowy Range. The valley was a little paradise, being watered by delicious springs, shaded by cotton-wood and box-elder, and carpeted with a gorgeous spread of green and flowers.

The next day we ran the worst rapid we had yet met. The difficulties were partly due to the rapid, and partly to the fact that the walls, rising perpendicular from the water's edge, prevented the use of ropes in letting down the boats. Care and skill carried us through, however; and, when "darkness fell from the wing of Night," we had fairly earned a rest. This was at first denied us; for scarcely were we encamped when a sand-storm came up, so violent that, for a few minutes, it seemed as if we were to find living graves. Fortunately, it soon passed over; and a full moon, rising clearly over the eastern crags, dispelled the grewsome shadows lurking in the cañon-walls, and transformed the rapid at our feet into a caldron of phosphorescent light.

A run of three miles, the next day, brought us through the cañon, and into Mill Crag Bend, near where we found signs of Moquis or Shimnis habitations. These habitations are caves, merely twelve feet wide by thirty feet deep, having entrances so small as almost to escape observation. Many years had evidently elapsed since their occupancy.

The next night we stopped at the mouth of a muddy stream—the Dirty Devil—the source of which is supposed to be a large lake, situated among some extinct volcanic mountains, thirty miles westward. The major determined to explore this stream thoroughly as soon as conveniently, and the Cañonita was therefore hidden among the rocks, and left in readiness for the xpedition.

We now entered Mound Cañon, so named from the round-topped cliffs and mountains bordering it. The walls, which are also sandstone, are from six hundred to fifteen hundred feet high. No rapids were encountered; but many shoals, which, with our two heavily-laden boats, were nearly as bad. In this cañon we came across the remains of another Aztec city. The picture-writing upon the walls differed somewhat from that we had seen before, serpents here being prominent features of the representations. Broken pottery and arrow-heads were strewed around, and a *kiva*, or place of worship, especially attracted our attention. This seemed to have been made by digging a hole in the ground from ten to fifteen feet deep, which was walled up and covered over, leaving a small place at the top, through which an entry was made by means of a ladder. The *kiva* was used by the men—except in seasons of worship—as a kind of club-house, where they assembled to smoke, tell stories, and hold deliberations. At certain periods it was cleared of every thing unholy and unclean, and used by all as a place of worship.

The walls of the cañon continued vertical about twelve hundred high feet; but every few yards were beautiful grottoes, extending back into the heart of the mountain, the sides of which were fringed with flowers and ferns. The green foliage, in contrast with the bright yellow of the rocks, made a charming picture. On the 5th of October we passed the mouth of the San Juan. This is a tributary stream, about one-fifth the size of the Colorado, and comes in from the east.

Two miles below this junction we landed for dinner, near what is called the Musical Temple. This temple is a grotto extending five hundred feet into the mountain, with walls three hundred feet high, and so arched that the sky above seems a vein of blue glass running through the rock. The entrance is narrow, but within the diameter is at least two hundred and fifty feet. A pool of clear, cool water bubbles up, and forms a little rill, bordered with flowers and running vines, and near it a tiny, throne-shaped stone impresses a full-grown man with the awkwardness of having invaded Titania's bower. The reverberations of voice here are startling, and quite as wonderful as in some of the chambers of the Mammoth Cave. Every sound, even to the dropping of a small pebble, is echoed from every nook and cranny of the place, as if a fairy legion, headed by the mischievous Puck, mocked one's every movement.—*Appleton's Journal.*

NEXT WEEK WILL BE COMMENCED,

THE OPENING CHAPTERS

OF TWO ORIGINAL,

ATTRACTIVE, & HIGHLY ENTERTAINING

SERIAL STORIES,

ENTITLED

GODFREY DARWIN'S CRIMES;

OR,

The Lock of Grey Hair.

By the Popular Author of "Spenser's Wife,"
"The Rose and the Shamrock," &c.,

AND THE

Mystery of Ashleigh Grange.

By the Author of "The Lily of Cloudsley
Vale," &c.

The Sailor's Daughter.

"Maggie, Maggie! when will supper be?"

"God only knows, child."

"Perhaps I'd better pray for some then," said little Jane Blair, solemnly.

"Really I think you had," said Maggie, in a soft tone.

There she sat, staring into the little fire on which their last atom of wood was burning, and seeing in the red ashes into which the light wood dropped so quickly pictures of the past. They had never been rich people, but always comfortable.

Her father was a seafaring man—first mate of an ocean vessel—and her mother a tidy housewife, who made everything bright and cozy.

How he used to sit telling his adventures to them when he was at home. He would not have been a sailor had there not been sea-serpents and mermaids in them, but nothing was too wonderful for those loving folk at home to credit; and, indeed, he probably believed them himself.

The rooms had been pretty with shells and coral branches, and bright parrots in swinging cages, and pictures of ships upon the wall. It had been so different from this wretched place in which the two girls now lived. But that was not all; the love was gone, the tender care that parents have for their children. The mother lay in her green grave in a far-off cemetery; and who can point the place of a shipwrecked sailor's grave.

She remembered so well how he sailed away that last time; how they looked after him, her mother and herself; how they waited for news, and waited in vain, until at last there came to them a sailor, saved from the wreck of the Aurora, who told how she went down in mid-seas at the dead of night, ablaze from one end to the other; and how Roger Blair, the first mate, was among the missing.

After that, poverty and sorrow; departure from the dear old home; toil in a great city; sickness, friendlessness, and, crowning woe of all, the mother's death.

The girl had done her best for her little sister ever since, but she was not a very skilful needlewoman, and could not earn as much as others; and now work had given out altogether, and she, pretty and sweet and good, and helpful in a daughterly way about the house, was not quite sure that she could win bread for two in any way—bread and shelter and fire.

She was only seventeen, and a frail little creature, with very little strength in her small body, and now that matters were so bad, who can wonder that she almost despaired?

"I suppose it isn't quite supper-time yet?" said little Jane again. She had been on her knees behind the bed for a long while. "I wonder whether He knows how hungry I am?"

"What shall I do?" said Maggie to herself, as she looked about the room. "I have sold everything—the clock, the books, even mother's work-box and the parrot. There is nothing left. The child will starve before morning. Oh, what shall I do?"

She arose and went to the window, and looked down into the street. It was dirty and narrow, and swarmed with filthy children. Opposite was a little drinking shop, about which a blind man with a fiddle drew a profitless audience. Nothing sweet, or fresh, or pure met her eye there, but between that scene and herself a sudden breeze blew a beautiful screen, and there was wafted to her through the broken glass an exquisite perfume. On the sill without stood a rose in a broken tea-pot. She had picked up the slip among the rubbish cast out by a neighbouring gardener, and it had grown well in its handful of earth. To-day it had bloomed; a perfect rose, exquisite in shape, perfume, and colour, drooped from the stem, and beside it a half-blown bud gave promise of another flower as lovely.

Until this moment Maggie, in her anxiety, had forgotten her one treasure. But for a gentle shower that had fallen that morning it might have withered where it stood, for she had not even watered it.

Now a bright thought flitted through her mind. She had often seen children selling flowers in the street, and ladies and gentlemen seemed glad to buy them. She would force herself to be courageous. She would go out into the street with this rose and its bud, and some one would give her enough to buy a loaf of bread, or at least a roll for little Jane. She would do it—she would. God would give her strength.

She tied on her hood and wrapped her shawl about her, and plucking the flower and a leaf or two, and that bright bud that seemed perhaps the fairest of the two, bade Jane be good and wait for her, and went down stairs and out from the dingy cross street into the broad thoroughfare.

There every one save herself seemed gay and happy, and well dressed. She seemed to be a thing apart, a black blot in all this brightness.

She stood at a corner and held out her flower, but it seemed that no one heeded her. At last she gathered courage to touch one of the ladies who passsed, and say:

"Buy a rose, lady? buy a rose? Please buy a rose?"

But the woman hurried by as the rest had.

It would not do to stand still. She walked on slowly. Whenever she caught a pleasant eye she held out her tiny bouquet, and repeated her prayer, "Buy a rose? buy a rose?" but the sun was setting, and still no one had bought her flower.

She was growing desperate. Some one should buy it. Jane should have bread that night.

"Buy a rose? See! Look at it! See how pretty it is!" she cried, in a voice sharpened by hunger and sorrow. "Look! You don't look at it, or you'd buy it."

"These street beggars should be suppressed," said the stout man she had addressed. "Young woman, I'll give you in charge if you don't behave yourself."

"He don't know; he don't know," said Maggie to herself. "Nobody could guess how poor we are. Oh, what a hard, hard world!"

Then she went on, not daring to speak again; and her rose dropped a little in her fingers, and still no one seemed disposed to buy it.

In her excitement she had walked further than she knew. She was far down a street leading to the Quay, passing the Sailors' Home, with its newly-trimmed glass plot and its silvery fountain. A little further on she came to a row of benches, on which were seated some blue-bloused emigrants, with round Dutch faces, and their bare-headed wives with woollen petticoats, and little shawls crossed over their bosoms, and knotted at the waist.

As they stared about them, it struck the girl that they, fresh from the sea, and soon to embark again, might be tempted by the fresh sweet rose she held in her hand to spend a few pennies; but, when she offered it to them, she saw they were more prudent. They only shook their heads solemnly, and looked away from her. And, this last hope gone, despair seized upon Maggie. She sank down upon a bench, and began to weep bitterly.

The twilight was deepening. She was far from home and little Jane. She was faint with weariness and hunger. Beyond the present moment all seemed an utter blank to her. She covered her face with her hands; the rose dropped into her lap unheeded. She cared for it no more. Fate was so much against her that no one would even buy a beautiful flower like that of her.

There were steps; she heeded them not. There were voices; it mattered not to her.

Suddenly some one said:

"What a beautiful rose!"

And the words caught her ear. She looked up. Three or four sea-faring men, with bundles in their hands, were passing by, fresh from the ocean evidently, embrowned with sun and wind and with the ship's roll still in their gait.

Sailors were always generous. One of these would buy the flower.

She held it out.

"Buy it, please," she whispered faintly. "Please buy this rose."

"I'm glad to get it," said a stout elderly man slipping forward. "What's the price, my lass? Will that do?"

He tossed three or four foreign-looking silver pieces into her lap, and took the flower. Then, looking at her very closely, he spoke again:

"What's the trouble, lass? Don't be afeard to tell me. I had a little lass of my own once. She's dead now. Tell me—can I help you?"

Maggie looked up. The man's face was half hidden by his hat, and he was stouter and grayer than her father had been, but she fancied a likeness.

"You have helped me, sir," she said, "buying the rose. Thank you very much. My father was a sailor too; and he was shipwrecked."

"It's a sailor's fate," said the man. "It's time you were getting home, lass. This city is no place for a young girl to be out in after night. But just wait. A sailor's orphan has a claim on a sailor, and my poor little Maggie would have been about your age if she had lived."

"Maggie!" screamed the girl. "Oh, my name is Maggie. I'm frightened. I don't know what to think. You look like him—you. I'm Maggie Blair. My father was Roger Blair. Is it a dream? It can't be true. It *can't* be father!"

But the next instant he had her in his arms, and she knew that the sea had given him back to her.

Wrecked with the vessel, but not lost, he had been cast on a lonely shore, whence he escaped, after three weary years, only to find his little home empty.

The widow had left her little cottage to earn her living in the city, and the news of her death had been brought back to her old home by some one who had been there when she died, and who had either heard or imagined that he heard that her children were dead also. And the news was told to Roger Blair by kindly people who believed it thoroughly, and he had borne it as best he could, and had sailed the sea again, a weary, heart-broken man.

He had not found all his treasures, but that some were spared was more than he had ever hoped; and the meeting between father and daughter was like that between two arisen from the dead.

And so the rose bush had done more for Maggie than she could have dreamt; and to this day it is the most cherished treasure in the little home where the old man lives with his two daughters; and when, once a month, its blossoms fill the air with their fragrance, they crowd about it as about the shrine of some sainted thing, and whisper:

"But for this we should still be parted."

Burning a Norse Chief's Body.

Mr. Joseph Anderson, keeper of the National Museum of the Antiquaries of Scotland, inserts among the Notes, in his edition of the Orkneyinga Saga, published by Messrs. Edmonston and Douglas, an interesting account of the ceremonies attending the incremation of the body of a Norse Chief, which was written in the early part of the 10th century, and translated from Holmboe's Danish version of the Arabic original. Mr. Anderson says: A vivid picture of the ceremonies attending the burial of a Norse chief of the 10th century is preserved in the narrative of an eye-witness, in the work of an Arab geographer; and all its details are amply confirmed by the contents of the grave-mounds of the period. Ahmed Ibn Fozlan, being in the country on the upper part of the Volga (then occupied by the Norsemen), as ambassador from the Caliph Al Moktader (A.D., 907-932), resolved to see for himself whether what he had heard of their burial customs was true. A great chief among the Norsemen had just died, and Ibn Fozlan describes, with curious minuteness of detail, the strange things he witnessed on the occasion. He gives a most characteristic picture of the drinking habits of the Norsemen.

"This nation," he says, "is much given to wine and drink, by day and night, and it is not uncommon for one or another of them to die with beakers in their hands. When a chieftain dies, his family ask his maids (concubines) and men servants, 'Which of you will die with him?' One of them will say, 'I,' and by this promise he is bound, and cannot revoke it; if he should desire to do so, he is not permitted."

It is mostly the maids who are willing to be thus sacrificed, says Ibn Fozlan; and on this occasion it was one of them who offered to die with her lord. She was accordingly given in charge to the other servants, who were to indulge her in every wish till the day of her sacrifice; and he adds, that "every day she drank, sang, was lively and merry."

Meantime the dead man had been laid in a temporary grave, and strong drink, fruits, and musical instruments placed beside him, as if to relieve the tedium of his confinement, until the completion of the preparations for the funeral rites. A splendid suit of clothing was prepared for him, his ship was hauled upon the strand, and placed on four posts erected for the purpose. A bed was prepared in the midst of the deck with a tent-like canopy over it, and covered with gold-embroidered cloth. In the preparation of this bed there comes on the scene an old hag, "whom they called the dead man's angel."

It was she who took charge of the making of the dead man's clothing and all needful arrangements, and she it was also who was to put the girl to death.

"I saw her," says Ibn Fozlan; "she was sallow and stern." While the "dead man's angel" was arranging the bed the multitude were away at the temporary grave, disinterring the corpse. They clothed him in the rich garments provided for the occasion, and then bore him to the ship, where he was laid in state under the canopy. "So they laid him on the mattress, and stayed him up with pillows, then brought the strong drink, the fruits, and odoriferous herbs, and set them by his side, placing bread, meat, and onions also before him. Then came a man forward with a dog, hewed it into two portions, and cast them into the ship. So brought they all the dead man's weapons and laid them by his side. Then they led forth two horses, made them run till they were covered with sweat, then hewed them in pieces with the sword, and cast the flesh into the ship. So also they brought forth two oxen, hewed them in pieces, and cast them into the ship. Next they came with a cock and hen, slew them, and cast them also into the ship."

In the meantime the woman who was to die kept going backwards and forwards in and out of the tent. At last they led her away to an object which they had made in the form of the framework of a door—two posts, with a cross-piece on the top, or, as is suggested, a substitute for a trilithon.

She set her feet on the palms of men's hands, stepping upon the frame, and saying some words in their tongue, after which they made her stand down. Then they lifted her up a second and third time, and she went through the same ceremony. Now they handed her a hen, the head of which she cut off and cast away, but the body they cast into the ship.

I asked my interpreter what it was that the woman had said. He answered she said the first time, "Lo! I see my father and my mother;" the second time, "Lo! here I see seated all my deceased relations;" the third time, "Lo! here I see my master seated in Paradise—Paradise, beautiful and green; my master surrounded by his men and his menials; he calls for me; bring me to him."

Thereupon they conveyed her to the ship. She took the bracelets from her arms, and gave them to the crone whom they called "the dead man's angel," and the rings from her ankles, and gave them to the two young girls who had attended her, and who were "the dead man's angel's daughters."

Then came men with shields and staves, and brought her a beaker of strong drink. She sang a song, and drank it out. Folk said to me that she thereby took leave of her friends. They reached her a second beaker. She took it, and sang a long time. The old hag bade her hasten to empty it, and go into the tent where her dead master was. I watched her; she was out of herself. In attempting to go into the tent she stuck by the head in the space between the tent and the ship. The old hag caught hold of her by the head and dragged her in with her, while the men commenced to beat their shields with the staves, that her shrieks might not be heard, and so frighten other girls, and make them unwilling to die with their lords."

The sequel is too horrible to be given as it stands in the old Arab's plain spoken narrative. A cord was finally wound round her neck, at the ends of which two men pulled, while the "dead man's angel" stabbed her to the heart with a broad-bladed knife. Then the relatives of the dead man set fire to the pile.

A storm that was just beginning to rage fanned the flames, and drove them aloft to a great height. A Norseman who was standing by said to Ibn Fozlan, "You Arab's are fools. You take the man whom you must have loved and honoured, and put him down into the earth, where vermin and worms devour him. We, on the contrary, burn him up in a twinkling, and he goes straight to Paradise."

After the pile was consumed to ashes, they raised a great mound over the spot, and set up on it a pillar made of a tree trunk, on which they carved the names of the dead man and of their king.

Looking Back.

I may live long, but some old days
Of dear, deep joy akin to pain—
Some suns that set on woodland ways
Will never rise for me again:
By shining sea, and glad, green shore
That frolic waves ran home to kiss,
Some words I heard that nevermore
Will thrill me with their mystic bliss.

O love! still throbs your living heart—
You have not crossed death sullen tide.
A deeper deep holds us apart:
We were more near if you had died—
If you had died in those old days
When light was on the shining sea,
And all the fragrant woodland ways
Were paths of hope for you and me.

Dead leaves are in those woodland ways—
Cold are the lips that use to kiss:
'Twere idle to recall those days,
Or sigh for all that vanished bliss!
Do you still wear your old-time grace,
And charm new loves with ancient wiles?
Could I but watch your faithless face
I'd know the meaning of your smiles.

—*Louise C. Moulton.*

From Courtship to the Court.

Miss Parsons was good-looking. There is no doubt whatever about that. But uglier women had married, and she had been bridesmaid to them too, and still she was Miss Parsons.

Whether the gentlemen who figured in her letters to her friends as having proposed to her, and having been rejected, were myths; whether they occupied the position in her life that Mrs. Harris occupied in that of Sairey Gamp; or whether she actually *had* tortured so many estimable gentlemen with the strings of unrequited passion, her most intimate acquaintances could not be sure. But, as they said, why Mary Ann Parsons should reject such good offers passed their comprehension; for Mary Anne never pretended to be sentimental, and owned to being at her wit's ends for money; and Mary Ann had glided from the twenties to the thirties, and would be over the forties, as one dear friend remarked, very soon indeed, "if she did not take care."

Meanwhile Mary Ann took all the care she could. She sang sentimental songs, and made big eyes at every man she met. She neglected nothing unmarried that wore hat and boots, from boys in jackets to old men in wigs. "Her eyes looked love to eyes that" did not "look love again." But all did not go merry as a marriage bell.

At first Miss Parsons had been particular about looks, position, and money. Then she would have had any manner of man, as far as outward form went, if he possessed position and money. Now she had given up position. It was anybody with money—anybody, no matter who. She still sang her favourite song:

"I cannot give my hand
Where my heart can never go."

with *empressment*, and with a roll of the eye toward the masculine who turned the music. But when she first sung it, she had an idea that her heart might be the victim of a pair of fine whiskers some day, and now she knew that she had no heart to give any one. She had flirted it away in little bits, until it was all gone.

So was the little money that her mother had left her. Miss Parsons had actually made up her mind to advertise for a husband, and take anything that offered, when there came into the boarding-house in which she was located an old gentleman, stout, red-faced, gouty, hot-tempered, and rolling in gold. That is, the landlady said he was rolling in gold—a figurative expression that suggests an unlimited supply of cash, and a sort of Fortunatus purse always in his waistcoat pocket. Miss Parsons "went for him." Who can keep out of slang in these degenerate days? Miss Parsons "went for him" at once.

She sang the divine songs; she rolled the divine eyes; she smiled; she fanned herself; she expressed fine sentiments. She professed to scorn beardless youths, and to admire men in their prime—*about seventy*. And Mr. Collins, who had a young heart in his old bosom —who had always liked fine women, and who had been kept a bachelor by cruel fortune, who had only dispensed her blessings after he was in what Miss Parsons called his prime—saw a fine woman evidently smitten with him, possessed himself of the idea that she was an angel, "courted her with brooch and ring," and finally popped the question in Mrs. Timpkins' back parlour, with Mrs. Timpkins' house-maid listening at the key-hole—a fact of which, of course, neither Miss Parsons nor Mr. Collins were aware.

"And said she," said Maggie, rehearsing the scene to Mrs. Timpkins, 'Lor, Mr. Collins,' said she, this *is* so unexpected,' says she. 'Not unwelcome, I hope,' says he. Says she 'How kin it be,' says she, 'when it comes from one like you!' Then I dropped the broom and had to run away."

And curious Mrs. Timpkins, espying a diamond ring on Miss Parson's taper finger, after a few days made up her mind that her maid-servant had not spoken falsely.

Miss Parsons *was* engaged to Mr. Collins. She had promised to marry him in three weeks.

He, for his part, was delighted with his promised bride, and wore his hat very much on one side, and assumed a youthful and jaunty gait, in the delight he felt at his own success. He believed that all the men at the table—little Simpkins the solicitor's clerk, Tappen the law student, the Rev. Mr. Holdfast, and Charles, Mrs. Timpkin's sixteen-year-old nephew—envied him from their souls.

Could he have known how Miss Parsons had sung, "Oh, believe me, if all those endearing young charms," to Simpkins, so evidently meaning his, Simpkins', charms; had he known how Tappen had had need of his legal knowledge to evade a case of breach of promise? and how the Rev. Robin Holdfast, a meek young clergyman, dreadfully afraid of women, had been almost proposed to out and out by the despairing Mary Ann; had he seen the lock of hair culled from his tresses by Charley Collins Simpkins, for the same lady's wearing in a locket, he would have been a sadder but a wiser man. And oh, had he read the letter, the dreadful letter written by Mary Ann to her Aunt Maria, on the night of her engagement! But you, dear reader, shall see it:

"Dear Aunt: You told me, when we last met, that it was high time I made my market. I acknowledged the truth of your suggestion. I've done it. I'm engaged!

"Dear me, when I look back and think how very much I did fancy myself smitten by young Holbrook, a big blonde fellow with bushy whiskers; and then there was Captain Craik, with his black eyes and dashing way. I used to say I'd only marry a handsome man, and now—— Well, if you could only see him. He is fat enough to roll. You can just see his eyes. He is all muffler and umbrella and overshoes. He has the gout now and then. He has never been good-looking; and now he's seventy. No matter; he is very rich, and dreadfully spoony about me. He shall take me to the Continent, and hang diamonds all over me. And he shan't make his will so that I can never marry again, if I know it. I shall live like a queen. *Do* send me either my wedding-dress, or money to get one with. Daddy Collins shall pay it back some day. If you don't or can't, I'm sure I don't know what I shall do. And you ought to be glad enough to do it, instead of having me quartered on you for life."

When Miss Parsons had written thus far, she made a great blot, which forced her to copy the letter before she could despatch it to her aunt. But all that followed were the usual affectionate niece and the signature.

Sometimes Satan deserts his friends in their greatest need. I am sorry to say his majesty must have behaved thus to poor Mary Ann at this moment, else what could have impelled her to thrust the blotted letter into her portfolio instead of tearing it up?

She did it, however, and the copy was sent, and by return mail there was a reply.

Aunt Maria summoned her niece to her presence, and promised an outfit. And in great glee Miss Parsons bade a temporary adieu to her betrothed lover, and went off to her aunt's, promising to return in a week at farthest.

It was midnight. The house of Timpkins slept. Suddenly there came a sound to break the silence. What was it? What could it be? Cannon? An earthquake? A comet's tail? The Ashantees bombarding the city? Mrs. Timpkins and boarders appeared in shawls, dressing-gowns, waterproof cloaks, and even blankets. All were there but Mr. Collins, and howls came from that gentleman's room. Mrs. Timpkins produced her keys. None fitted the door. Charley Timpkins suggested breaking it down, but at this a faint voice proceeded from within the room.

"He's alive," said Mrs. Timpkins.

"Poor dear!" cried the ladies.

"Anything the matter?" cried the gentlemen.

At this moment the door opened. A ghost in a counterpane hobbled out. A cloud of white dust came with him. The ceiling of Mr. Collins's room had fallen, and a piece had hit his gouty toe.

"It's a mercy it warn't his neck or his back, and him to be married so soon," said the housemaid.

Mr. Collins heard the words; they comforted him. After all what was one's toe, when one's heart was light with love!

"Dear, dear," said Mrs. Timpkins. "I'm very sorry indeed, Mr. Collins. It's that nasty landlord. I've showed him that crack fifty times. Where shall I put you? Oh, it's just a lucky chance. Here is Miss Parsons gone to her aunt's, and her room empty. You can take that for to-night, and to-morrow I'll put the back parlour to right if I can't do better."

And the door of the vacant room was unlocked, and Mr. Collins in his counterpane toga entered, and was seen no more, except when his head emerged from the aperture of the nearly closed door and he asked for a match.

Shut in, locked in, he sat down in a chair. His toe hurt him very much, but he forgot it. This then was her room. Here she sat and dreamt of him. Here she slept and dreamt of him still. She had told him so.

"Ah, my dear girl," said Mr. Collins, who was genuinely in love in an honest way that did him credit, "how I will pet her; how I will try to make her happy when she's mine. They'll talk about May and January I know; but, bless my soul, it isn't May and January. It's full bloom beautiful August and ripe October. She says I'm a very handsome man still. I hope I'm not vain, but it's very pleasant that she should think so."

There was such a beautiful fascination in the room that he could not think of sleep. He walked about touching the little things that belonged to the absent Miss Parsons—her work-basket, her books, her knitting-needles, her inkstand. He found a mysterious white garment on a chair—a garment with ruffles on the wrists and at the throat—and wondered, in masculine ignorance, whether that might not be her wedding dress. And then he sat down at her desk and opened her portfolio.

"Dear little soul!" said he, "I wonder whether she ever writes poetry? I mean to see."

And then it came into his mind that if he found verses addressed to himself, and written before she knew he loved her, he should be a very happy man. Don't laugh at him. This sort of thing comes to every one some time. He had never been in love before.

My friend, I am going to take you out of the room now. You may see Mr. Collins open the portfolio. You may see him find that unlucky blotted letter which lies within—the letter Miss Parsons wrote to her aunt Maria—but you shan't see my poor old Collins read it. He may be past youth, he may have had a little vanity in his honest heart, but he was a true man and a true lover for all that. Come away.

You remember the case of Parsons *versus* Collins, don't you? And how the beautiful plaintiff shed tears in court, and how her lawyer called the defendant, "a monster unworthy of the human form," and how his love-letters were read aloud, and how the fact that he called her "his angel," "his pearl," "his nightingale," and "his own one," were brought up against him; and how the feelings of the injured angel were valued at £500 and costs by an admiring judge and jury. Very well. Then you know the end of my story."

Kublai Khan's Great Palace.

Marco Polo, whose reputation as a champion romancer in his day, has since been replaced by the honest renown which he deserves, says that the palace of Kublai Khan, Emperor of China, was enclosed by a wall of four miles in compass; that five gates opened on each side of this four-square mural defence; and that the palace was subdivided into innumerable temples, kiosks, and palaces. It was known, in fact, as "The One Hundred and Eight Temples." Of the chief structure Marco says: "You must know that it is the greatest palace that ever was. The roof is very lofty and the walls of the palace are covered with gold and silver. They are also adorned with representations of dragons (sculptured and gilt), beasts and birds, knights and idols, and sundry other subjects. And on the ceiling, too, you see nothing but gold and silver and painting."

"The Hall of the Palace," says the enthusiastic old chronicler, who saw what he describes, "is so large that it could easily dine six thousand people; and it is quite a marvel to see how many rooms there are besides. The building is altogether so vast, so rich, and so beautiful that no man on earth could design anything superior to it. The outside of the roof is all coloured with vermilion, and yellow, and green, and blue, and other hues, which are fixed with a varnish so fine and exquisite that they shine like crystal, and lend a resplendent lustre to the palace as seen from a great way round. The roof, too, is made with such great strength and solidity that it is fit to last for ever. Moreover, on the north side of the palace, about a bow-shot off, there is a hill which has been made by art from the earth dug out of the lake; it is a good hundred paces in height and a mile in compass. This hill is entirely covered with trees that never lose their leaves, but remain ever green. And I assure you wherever a beautiful tree may exist, and the emperor gets news of it, he sends for it and has it transported bodily with all its roots and the earth attached to them. No matter how big the tree may be, he gets it carried by his elephants; in this way he has got together the most beautiful collection of trees in all the world. And he also caused the whole hill to be covered with ore of azure, which is very green. And thus, not only are the trees all green, but the hill itself is all green likewise; and there is nothing to be seen on it that is not green; and hence it is called the Green Mount; and in good sooth 'tis named well."

The Use of the Knife.

The national weapon of the Spaniards is the knife, and certainly they know how to use it. Talking one day with a young man who seemed likely to know, I asked him what there was peculiar in the management of the knife.

"Why," said he, with a smile, "I could kill you, and you couldn't kill me."

"Well," said I, "please point out the difference between us. What would you do first?"

"Why, I'd make you wink, and stab you while you winked!"

"How would you make me wink?"

"Why, so," said he, throwing up his left hand near my eyes.

"Well, I could do the same."

"Try it," said he.

I tried, and found it impossible to make him wink, though I passed my hand up and down several times so as almost to touch his eyelashes.

His bright, black eyes looked out at me unflinchingly all the while. It was clear that his eyes were educated, and that mine were not.

I then asked if there was any possibility of an unarmed man's defending himself against one armed with a knife.

"Oh, yes," said he, "I'll show you;" and, in an instant, whipping off his coat, he held the end of one sleeve firmly in his left hand, wrapping the rest of the coat rapidly around his forearm, and, bringing the end of the other sleeve also into his left hand, where it was firmly held, binding together the whole mass, which formed a sufficient defence against the thrust of any ordinary knife.

I then recollected that one of the marks of the men of the Puerta del Sol, at Madrid, was a slashed cloak, evidently not so honourable in its origin as a "slashed doublet" of the olden time.

The use of the knife appears to be so ingrained into Spanish history and habits that one mode of expressing the idea of being "lord of a manor" was "tener horca y cuchillo"—"to hold the gallows and the knife."

—*J. M. M.*

In the Clover Fields.

The scent of hay is rife in the air,
And is blown the green lane over.
And the breezy bees boom everywhere
Among the red-topped clover.
I hear the woodpecker pounding a tree.
And a lapwing's cry from the meadows,
And a linnet's note rings merry and free
From the depths of the hemlock's shadows.

But a gloom is over the fair scene thrown,
Its beauty and music are banished,
For now I roam the green lane *alone*,
And sigh for a form that has vanished—
For her who was once my comrade sweet,
A phantom of summer's olden,
When we wandered afar with idle feet,
And to none but ourselves were beholden.

All nature seemed but the soft reflex
Of our love, as we loitered together—
A love which no storm could trouble or vex—
Always fair, sunshiny weather.
The hum of bees, the voices of birds,
The sound of the rivulet falling,
Were the tones of our hearts in unsyllabled words,
Each to the other calling.

There is the seat where she loved to rest,
Where I took her white hands and pressed them;
The turf is still with wild flowers dressed,
Though darkened the eyes that blessed them.
Our little boat still swings in the stream,
But the sport of the ripples only;
Yonder winds our woodland path, like a dream,
But silent and sad and lonely.

And there is the pool where, many a day,
For the pure pond lilies I waded;
Its waters have nearly dried away,
The lilies all have faded.
And this is the lane that passes below
To the little church in the hollow;
No matter how lonely it seemeth now,
Its course I even must follow.

For it skirts the churchyard, gray with age,
Where long she has softly slumbered,
And I make it my frequent pilgrimage,
When my heart is sore encumbered.
The peace of the spot is a holy peace,
And here I may one day merit,
From trouble and sorrow and grief surcease,
For body and heart and spirit.

—*N. D. Urner.*

Literary Rambler.

THE CAMBOGIAN STAGE.

The Cambogian stage was the finest spectacle of the kind I had seen in the East, owing to the number of girls—about one hundred—and the splendour of their dress, resembling perfectly the figures seen on old Egyptian pottery. The principal dresses would have made a pageant for Covent Garden. They wore a gold helmet, fitting like an extinguisher to the head, and terminating in a spike, three-quarters of a yard long, a close-fitting bodice of cloth-of-gold, rich crimson and yellow silk drawers, and gold anklets, but no shoes or stockings, which form no attribute to Cambogian full dress at any time.

On one side of the stage, a number of singers chanted the play, describing what was being done in a plaintive minor key, but keeping both exact time and tune. The dulcimer accompaniment came in at intervals. The girls kept measure to this music, swaying the body into various attitudes — sometimes raising the feet in a slow way, standing with great ease upon one leg, and wafting the hands, the countenance alone remaining perfectly stolid and immovable. Sometimes when they moved in concert, like soldiers, the effect was very good. It was a continual attitudinising, which, although neither Greek nor Roman, had its own *cachet* of beauty and originality.

Their limbs are exceedingly supple, and I have seen a girl standing, reverse her body backward, and pick up a coin with her mouth. They can put themselves into any position; but one and all reminded me of pictures on pottery. They did not convey the idea of human beings, at least to my fancy, but of some weird huntresses of the air, especially when they, by means of cords, passed about the stage in mid-hair, waving their brown hands and feet. All the movements were slow and studied, and angular. I could not trace any classic beauty-lines of either face or figure. The former was whitened, but not coloured; the eyebrows forming a straight, dark line across the face, and the upper eyelids were so marked as to form another, which gave the appearance of a closed eye with deep, drooping lashes. The only expression was that of repose and placidity, the open, speaking beauty of the eye being entirely concealed. The mouth is always disfigured by the lurid red stains of the betel-nut, and would mar the appearance of the most beautiful face. They have fine foreheads, but stumpy, badly-shaped noses. In figure, they were not nearly so beautifully formed as the Chinese; their bodies were long and square, lacking roundness and bust, and their ankles and feet were not nearly so small. Indeed, the Cambogians appear to me a much heavier and coarser race than the Chinese and Annamites.

All the *danseuses* were the king's slaves, some of them actual wives. The singers, or chanters, marked the time—which was four common time—by the beating of two sticks together. It was particularly decided, and the clacking of the sticks gave a zest to the whole affair.

The silvery music of the harmonicon and dulcimer was like the melodious flow of a waterfall, and reminded me of the liquid melody of the Pohono Fall of the Yosemite. There was also a curious instrument of the drum genus, made of earthenware, like a chimney-pot, the end tightly covered with the thinnest skin. This was struck with the palm of the hand, and produced a small kettle-drum or tambourine sound.

I am inclined to think that the Cambogians are decidedly ahead of the Chinese in the musical art, though infinitely behind in all else. The girls also chanted in a natural voice; though partaking of the nasal tone of the ragged-school repetition classes, still it is far less objectionable than the high, screaming whine of the Chinese singing. The melody had the cadence more of the Gregorian Chant than of the unequal semi-fifths and sevenths of the Chinese. The latter is an evolution of the voice exactly contrary to the rules of harmony, and which we should term decidedly out of tune; whereas, the Cambogian song is perfectly in tune, and rather resembles the delightful chant of the Hawaiian-Islanders, who excel in melodious voices.—*Viscountess Avonmore.*

THE MORAL CODE OF THE BORDER BALLADS.

It is exceedingly difficult, if precision is desired, to find one's way through a state of society so disorganised as that which appears in the Border ballads, so as to arrive at very definite conclusions as to the principles by which it was governed. The following statements must therefore be taken as true only in general, while admitting of occasional exceptions. The moral code, for example, of the Border ballads is, as a rule, plain even to *naïveté*. It is merely

> "the good old rule,
> . . . . . the simple plan,
> That they should take who have the power,
> And they should keep who can."

For the most part, therefore, in these ballads there is implied, while in many there bursts out in exceedingly natural, straightforward language, an admiration, a worship of physical force—of sheer power to take, to hold what is taken, to retake what is lost, and, if retaking is impossible, to revenge at least. Let us see how this rude morality shows in some of the Border ballads. The raiders who march to rescue Kinmont Willie from Carlisle, in the ballad which takes its title from him, are described as meeting "the fause Sakelde," who, in reply to their questions as to his object, is deluded at first by various evasions; but evidently the minstrel's sympathies go, and those of his audience would follow, with Dickie of Dryhope who "had nevir a word o' lear."

> "The nevir a word had Dickie to say
> Sae he thrust the lance through his fause bodie."

Might becomes, therefore, with this class of men, the main standard of right; power to hold, the real justification of property. King James V., annoyed at the exploits of Murray of Philiphaugh, determined that the outlaw should be compelled to recognise his feudal lord. Accordingly he despatched James Boyd, who appears in front of Murray's castle, and summons him to his allegiance:

> "The King of Scotland sent me here,
> And, gude Outlaw, I am sent to thee;
> I wad wot of whom ye hald your landis,
> Or, man, wha may thy master be."

The spirited reply throws a peculiar light on the ideas of the time and country:

> "'Thir landis are MINE!' the Outlaw said;
> 'I ken nae King in Christentie;
> Fra Soudron I this foreste wan,
> When the King nor his Knights were not to see.'"

The fact is, that some of the estates within the limits of the Debatable Land had been won from their southern foes by the Border chiefs, without assistance from the crown of Scotland; and, with the weak central government which was the perennial source of the country's misfortunes, the captors had to trust to their own swords for continued possession of their property. Their own power, therefore, to take and hold their lands constituted, in their eyes, a more indefeasible title than the most accurately drawn charter from the lawyers of Edinburgh.—*Ballads and Songs of Scotland.*

PHILOSOPHY OF HUMAN SACRIFICES.

We passed the Garden Golgotha—the carrion bower where the bodies of sacrificed victims are deposited; it gave the whole town of Coomassie an odour of death. I must now explain the philosophy of human sacrifices. Amongst most savage nations it is believed that the body contains a ghost or spirit or soul which lives after death. Some believe that this ghost or soul inhabits the grave and flits around its neighbourhood, and comes to its old home and frequents the company of those whom it formerly loved. With savages of a higher type it is believed that the souls live in a special world, usually supposed to be under the ground, though some place it above the sky. One step more and we have the belief of the Persians, and some other ancient nations, that there are two worlds outside the earth, one of torture for the wicked, one of pleasure for the good. Now it is the belief of savages that not only human bodies have souls, but also animals; and not only animals, but also rivers and trees and all things having movement or life; and not only all things having movement or life, but also inanimate objects—such as food and palm-wine, weapons, beads, articles of clothing, Willow-pattern plates, and so forth. So in Western Africa when a man dies food is placed by his grave, and they say that the spirit of the man eats the spirit or essence of the food. On the Gold Coast the natives believe in a world below the ground, a Hades or Schcool where the soul of the dead dwells in a life that shall have no end. They also believe that all the garments he has worn out will then come to life again—a resurrection of old clothes; but besides this, his relations display their affection by giving him an outfit of weapons, ornaments, new cloth, crockeryware, &c., so that he may descend into hell like a gentleman. But who is to carry these things? and who is to look after them? Evidently his wives and his slaves. So a number of these are killed to keep him company; and often a slave is killed some time after his death to take him a message, or as an addition to his household. In Dahomey this custom of sending messengers is organised into a system. Thus originated human sacrifice, which is, granting the truth of the theory on which it is based, a most rational custom. Death is disagreeable to us because we do not know where we are going; but to the widow of a chieftain it is merely a surgical operation and a change of existence. That explains why the Africans submit to death so quietly. A woman at Akropong selected for the sacrifice was stripped according to custom but only stunned, not killed. She recovered her senses, and found herself lying on the ground surrounded by dead bodies. She rose, went into the town where the elders were seated in council, and told them that she had been to the Land of the Dead, and had been sent back because she was naked. The elders must dress her finely and kill her over again. This accordingly was done.—*Winwood Reade.*

Flower and Kitchen Garden.

KITCHEN GARDEN.

Brussels sprouts to be planted out as fast as possible. The soil must be in good condition for these, for if they are not fine, they are scarcely worth having.

Coleworts should be planted in quantity, as ground can be obtained for them. Plant them rather thick.

Celery to be planted at every opportunity. Deep trenches may be used now, but in another few weeks it will be advisable to make the trenches shallow, because the late planted crops will have to stand out the winter. Any remaining in seed pans or boxes may now be pricked out in beds in the open ground.

Spinach: If requisite to sow now, give the preference to the prickly-seeded variety, which is used for winter spinach, as it is less likely to bolt in case of hot dry weather.

Tomatoes to be trained and stopped. If not frequently stopped, a good crop cannot be expected.

Root crops, such as parsnip and beet, require now a final thinning; there is no gain from crowded beds.

FLOWER GARDEN.

Roses require extra attention just now. Look over the stock of briers intended for budding, and cut away all superfluous shoots to the base, and slightly shorten those that are so placed as to be suitable for budding. By the time the general budding season arrives the shoots thus shortened will be in full growth again, and will take the buds more readily. In some places, however, briers have been budded already, and if the work can be well done, the early doing it is a great advantage, because of the growth that can be got during the present season. Therefore, we say, make ready to work the strongest briers at once, and as soon as plump buds can be obtained of the choicest varieties. Buds that remain dormant till the next spring do not generally make such good plants as buds that start away soon after being entered, and make ripe hard shoots before winter. We have found that when the shoots from the buds of the season were very sappy, a gentle lift of the stock by means of a four-tined fork, early in October, gave a check that hastened the ripening, and prevented loss in winter. We mention this now because some propagators prefer dormant buds, because of the risk in winter, whereas pushing buds can be used with equal safety if means are resorted to to check the growth in time. Another matter worthy of mention is that the wild wood should not be cut away severely before entering the buds, as a loss of it checks the flow of sap, and defers the complete junction of the two barks.

Rhododendrons, kalmias, and andromeda may now be layered for increase; it is the simplest and surest method of propagation, though slow; nevertheless they are always better on their own roots than grafted, and though many kinds sow themselves in plenty, and produce thickets of seedlings if allowed, there is no dependence to be placed on them for character when at last they come into bloom. Old beds of American plants may be benefited now by top-dressings of cow-dung quite rotten. Recently-formed beds should not have it; nevertheless a mulching of some kind, especially amongst kalmias, will be beneficial.

GREENHOUSE AND CONSERVATORY.

Azaleas and camellias, if still under glass, must have air night and day, and the floors kept damp. Use the syringe regularly till the flower-buds show at the points of the shoots, and then discontinue the use of the syringe.

Beaucarneas and their allies are generally very badly treated; hence the rarity of good specimens. One of the greatest secrets of success is to give them abundance of water at this season; it is scarcely possible to overdo it.

Conservatory plants require abundance of water and a free circulation of air amongst them. Climbers must never be neglected, or the growth will become so confused that to restore anything like order much of it must be cut away. Moisten all walls, borders, and stone-work the last thing in the evening, to create a humid atmosphere.

Soft-wooded plants, such as cinerarias, herbaceous calceolarias, Chinese primulas, pansies, and pyrethrums, should be raised from seed now in quantity. If primulas were sown in April for early bloom, it will be as well to sow again for a successional batch. Remember that to grow bad seed is just as much trouble as the best, so that the question of cost of seed should not be considered too closely. Procure the best that can be had from houses known to be above the shabby practice of mixing or misdescribing, and grow them in a good compost from the first. Soft-wooded plants rarely do any good if grown slowly; they need abundant nourishment, and if kept stout and strong rarely suffer from vermin. It is the bad practice of starving seedlings in the seed pans that creates the principal trouble of getting them clean afterwards.—*Gardener's Magazine.*

The Ladies' Own Corner.

The following extracts are from the Paris correspondence of the *Queen*:

SMALL BONNETS OR LARGE?

There is quite a war at present among bonnets, and the question of importance among Parisian milliners is—which shall prevail, small bonnets or large ones? I am of opinion that the large ones will gain the day, because there is generally some reason why certain fashions are taken into favour, and as the season for sea-sides and watering-places is at hand, where the sun is distressingly trying at times, the large bonnets will have the advantage of being more comfortable as well as being novel. The small headgear we have been wearing so long answers no purpose whatever; it certainly is not becoming, and it proves no protection against either sun or wind.

The large bonnets are all turned up, either at the back or at one side; and it is not on a tiny but on a large scale that this looping back is arranged. The brim of the bonnet is enormous, and it is turned up with either a large tuft of flowers or with bars and bows of velvet. Caroline Reboux, the fashionable milliner of the Rue de la Paix, makes these large bonnets in grey rice straw, and trims them with chesnut-brown velvet and with two long feathers—one pearl grey and the other brown—and the effect is very artistic. The Croizette bonnet is now occasionally trimmed with velvet and Valenciennes lace. I never remember to have seen so much Valenciennes lace worn on both bonnets and dresses as at the present season.

WHITE MUSLIN DRESSES.

White muslin dresses have been very general during the last ten days, at weddings, at races, and for afternoon *fêtes* they have been almost universal. They are made by the Maison Roger in this wise: A plain straw-coloured silk slip, with a Swiss muslin skirt above. The latter forms three tunics in front, slightly draped, and all three edged with deep Valenciennes lace; a double pouf at the back, bordered with Valenciennes, and very coquettishly looped up at one side only with a wide sash of straw-coloured ribbon, which is formed into loops, and mixed with chestnut brown velvet. The remainder of the skirt at the back is covered with muslin plaitings, each one of which is partially covered with a deep row of Valenciennes lace. Low bodice of straw-coloured silk, above which is a high muslin bodice, with long basques. The latter bodice is striped with Valenciennes insertion, and the pointed basques are edged with deep Valenciennes lace. Demi-long Duchesse sleeves, composed entirely of wide frills of Valenciennes lace, studded with straw-coloured silk and brown velvet bows.

TOILETTES AT THE PARIS RACES.

The toilettes at the races when the Great Paris Prize was run for, were very elegant, considering that the weather in the morning looked menacing. Mme. MacMahon was present, surrounded by several of her own and the Marshal's relations, as well as by Princess Hohenlohe, Countesses Apponyi and Seebach, and other well-known faces. The Duchess of Magenta wore blue silk, with a sleeveless jacket and tunic, glittering with beads and bugles; her hat bonnet was likewise trimmed with blue, and she carried an enormous bouquet of full-blown roses. The Princess Metternich looked, as usual, very stylish in a bluish-grey silk, striped with black, and elaborately trimmed with plaitings. The scarf on her hat matched the dress in colour, and at the back of it were purple, yellow, and pink roses. White muslin over coloured silks, heavily trimmed with lace, predominated among the young ladies. The bodices were mostly striped with insertion in front, and the basques were all so long in front that they might have been taken for casaques; at the back they were considerably shorter; there was an inner band for the waist. A lace fraise encircled the throat, but the back of the bodice was trimmed to the waist with a cascade of lace and bows of white ribbon. An Italian lady's toilet excited much admiration; it was of the richest white silk, and profusely trimmed with white lace; a Rubens hat jauntily perched at the side of the head, and ornamented with two long plumes and roses.

CUISINE.

Here are some samples of *Queen* "Alicias's" Budget of Recipes:

Clear Gravy Soup: Rub some fresh butter round a saucepan, put in the meat cut up (about 3lb of shin of beef will be sufficient for four or five persons), and just cover it with cold water, let it reduce on the fire to a thick glaze; then add the bones to it, and cover it well again with cold water, put it on the fire, let it come to the boil, and skim it; then add three carrots, two turnips, celery, a bunch of parsley, thyme, and onions, and about a dessertspoonful of white peppercorns, four or five cloves, a little mace, and a good pinch of salt; when it again boils skim off any fat there may be, draw the saucepan to the side of the fire, and let it simmer for three hours, then strain through a sieve and cloth, and put the soup away for twelve hours or more; if not sufficiently clear by the next morning, beat up the whites and shells of two eggs in a basin, with a little cold water, stir into the soup, boil up again, and strain as before; placing the cloth over the sieve. Cut up the vegetables into strips, put a little piece of butter in a saucepan, toss in the vegetables, add teaspoonful of white pounded sugar, shake them for a few minutes, pour the boiling soup on them, and serve. If you wish to make clear gravy soup, and put in quenelles or poached eggs, instead of the vegetables, you must well clear it with eggs, and add a few tarragon leaves.

Green Pea Soup Without Meat: Two lettuces, two cucumbers, three onions, and a pint of peas; put them, cut up, into a stewpan with a ¼lb. fresh butter, a little pepper and salt; cover them down, and let them stew till tender; have a quart of peas stewing in two quarts of water and a sprig of mint. When done, pulp them through a sieve, and add the liquor they were stewed in and the other ingredients.

Green Artichoke Soup: Boil about ten good-sized globed artichokes; take out the choke, scrape all the pulp from the leaves, and mash it with the bottoms, passing it through a sieve; add a quart of good stock, a little spinach juice to colour it, and thicken it with pea-flour or common thickening. The stock must be well flavoured with pepper, salt, &c. The soup should be a good olive-green colour.

Falkland Pudding: Take four well-beaten eggs, add a teacupful of good cream, the breast of a cold chicken finely minced, quarter of a pound of Parmesan cheese grated, two ounces of maccaroni well boiled and cut small, a little salt and pepper, and a grain or two of cayenne; stir all well together, till it is well mixed (add the cream and eggs lastly); boil it in a plain oiled mould, glaze it, and serve with a rich brown gravy or tomato sauce round it.

Lobster au Gratin: Split the body and tail of the lobster, removing the fish and taking care not to break the shells, mince up the fish and put all into a stewpan with a little good stock, and pepper and salt, mix it well, fill the shells with the mixture, cover them with bread crumbs, brush over with clarified butter, and brown with a salamander.

Brown Butter Sauce: Put 4oz. of fresh butter in a stewpan on the fire, and keep stirring it until it becomes brown by frying; then add a small wineglass of tarragon vinegar, ditto of Harvey's sauce, a table-spoonful of chopped capers, a little anchovy, and either a gill of brown sauce or gravy. Boil this together for five minutes, and serve,

Sherry Cobbler: Pound a small quantity of ice quite fine, half fill a tumbler with the powdered ice, add a teaspoonful and half of pounded sugar, two or three pieces of lemon peel, and a wineglass and a half of sherry; when in season half a dozen strawberries may be added; fill up with pounded ice, and mix by pouring rapidly from one glass to the other; drink through a straw.

Nick-Nacks.

A LITTLE five-year-old boy was being instructed in morals by his grandmother. The old lady told him that all such terms as "by golly," "by jingo," "by thunder," &c., were only little oaths, and but little better than other profanities. In fact, she said, he could tell a profane oath by the prefix "by." All such were oaths. "Well, then, grandmother," said the little hopeful, "is 'by telegraph,' which I see in the newspapers, swearing?" "No," said the old lady, "that's only lying."

"How much will it cost to get that watch repaired?" asked a sailor, as he handed his timepiece to a watchmaker, who, after examining it, said, "The expense of repairing that watch will be more than the original cost." "I don't care for that," said the sailor; "I'll give you double the original cost, for I gave a fellow a blow on the head for the watch, and I'll give you two for repairing it."

JUDGE SMITH, after he was seventy, married a wife considerably his junior. One day, soon after the ceremony, he was riding with her, and, on coming to a hill, she bantered him with the remark: "Judge, my father always used to walk up hill." "So did my first wife," replied the judge.

THE author of "Poverty Pastures" puts these words into the mouth of an old waterman: "They're queer cattle, is women. There's my ole 'ooman, now, as I never laid a finger on, or crossed 'er—not to speak on—in a single thing she wished; an' yet she hain't 'alf the respec' for me as them as has cotched Tartars has for them. She wouldn't order me about as she do, if I'd given 'er every now and then a jolly good beatin'.

> "'A 'ooman, a dog, and a walnut-tree,
> The more you hit 'em, the better they be.'

"I don't 'old, though, with them as is for ever thrashin' their mississes. They gits used to it, and so it loses its effec'—but now and again it's as well to let a 'ooman feel the weight o' your 'and, jist to show 'er who's master."

A STUDENT in a theological seminary (and he was not one of the brightest of the class, either), when he asked: "Why is Prof. L—— the greatest revivalist of the age?" and on all giving it up said, "Because at the close of every sermon there is 'a great awakening.'"

A BEGGAR asked for a bit of bread-and-butter at a house the other day, and on a couple of slices being brought to him, he indignantly refused it. "What's the matter?" asked the donor; "isn't this good bread?" "Yes, the bread's good enough," said the beggar. "Well, isn't the butter good, too?" "Yes, I've no fault to find with the butter!" "Well, then, what is the matter?" "I don't like the way it's spread!" growled the fastidious mendicant.

AN aged Philadelphia lady, whose failing sight rendered necessary a prayer-book of great size, recently called on her friends on her way to church, and upon starting again, unwittingly picked up a small music-box instead of the prayer-book. During the sacred ceremony the old lady attempted to open her prayer-book, when, to her surprise, and the astonishment of the congregation, the machine struck up "Lannigan's Ball" with great clearness and force.

AN amusing story is told by Murphy, which is highly characteristic of young Fielding's reckless disposition. A play of his was being performed for the first time, and Garrick, then an obscure and timid young actor, ventured to propose to the author some alterations in the character he had to play. "No, confound them," replied careless Harry; "if the scene is not good let them find it out!" In the course of the performance Fielding was enjoying a bottle of champagne and a pipe, when the hisses and cat-calls of the audience greeted him as he sat in the green-room. "What is the matter, Garrick?" enquired he of the actor, who appeared in a state of great agitation, "what are they hissing now?" "Why, the scene I begged you to retrench I knew would not do, and they have so frightened me that I shall not recollect myself again the whole night." "Oh," coolly replied the author, "they *have* found it out, have they?"

ON the occasion of the first attempt to bring him and Theodore Hook together, Mr. Lockhart arrived with the information that Hook was priming himself (as was his wont) at the Athenæum Club, with a tumbler or two of hot punch. "Oh!" exclaimed Sydney, "if it comes to that, let us start fair. When Mr. Hook is announced, announce Mr. Smith's punch."

IT is especially important for a woman to study the art of conversation, to learn to entertain or listen, as suits the mood. Young says:

> A dearth of words a woman need not fear,
> But 'tis a task indeed to learn to hear.
> In that the skill of conversation lies;
> That shows and makes you both polite and wise.

THE Keep-the-Line Club was a fashionable club of the first quarter of the present century. Its members consisted of wits, artists, actors, authors, gentlemen, and peers. It had two purposes—enjoyment, and preservation of amiability under severe tests. One of the rules was, that however grossly a member might be insulted, he must rise and offer thanks to the offender. Another was a fine of a dozen of claret on the man who should publish any literary composition of his own. Rogers, Horace Smith, and others paid the fine willingly; but when Wilson, the surgeon, announced a course of lectures, and Tafton addressed an electioneering bill to his constituents, both had to furnish the wine and profess great delight in doing so.

BORROWS's new work on the Romany or Gypsy language has the following four questions on the title page:

> "Can you rokna Romany?
> Can you play the bosh?
> Can you pal adrey the staripen?
> Can you chin the cost?"

Translated into the vulgar tongue—

> "Can you speak the Romany?
> Can you play the fiddle?
> Can you eat the prison loaf?
> Can you cut and whittle?"

A SCEPTICAL young collegian confronted an old Quaker with the statement that he did not believe in the Bible. The Quaker said: "Does thee believe in France?" "Yes, for, though I have not seen it, I have seen others that have; besides, there is plenty of corroborative proof that such a country does exist." "Then thee will not believe anything thee or others have not seen?" "No, to be sure I won't." "Did thee ever see thy own brains?" "No." "Ever see anybody that did?" "No." "Does thee believe thee has any?" The young man left.

TWO OPINIONS.—At one time Mr. Wilkes came up to the Speaker in the chair, and told him that he had a petition to present to the House from a set of the greatest scoundrels and miscreants upon earth. When called upon, however, shortly afterwards to present it, he said, with the gravest possible face, "Sir, I hold in my hand a petition from a most intelligent, independent, and enlightened body of men."

ARTEMUS WARD says: "A Chinese play often last two months. Commencing at the hero's birth, it is cheerfully conducted from week to week, till he is either killed or married. The night I was there a Chinese comic vocalist sung a Chinese comic song. It took him six weeks to finish it, but as my time was limited, I went away at the expiration of 215 verses. There were 11,000 verses to this song. The chorus being, 'Tural-lural-lural-ri-fol-day!' which was repeated twice at the end of each verse, making the appalling number of 22,000 'tural-lural-ri-fol-days'—*and the man still lives!*"

ONE tribe of gypsies, called "The Old Sacred Black Race," must have been quite unfitted for polite society. "They never" says Borrow, "slept in a house, never entered a church, and, on their death-beds, threatened their children with a curse if they buried them in a church-yard." England did not agree with this "Black race;" the last two were buried some years ago in a nook of a wild heath near Norwich.

BACH has written the following pungent lines on the bore who "never goes":

He calmly smokes my last cigar,
And coolly asks for more;
He opens every thing he sees
Except the entry door!

He talks about his fragile health
And tells me of the pains
He suffers from a score of ills
Of which he ne'er complains;
And how he struggled once with death,
To keep the fiend at bay;
On themes like those away he goes,
But never goes—away!

I mean to take the knocker off,
Put crape upon the door,
Or hint to John that I am gone
To stay a month or more.
I do not tremble when I meet
The stoutest of my foes;
But Heaven defend me from the friend
Who never, never goes!

Hunting with the Sioux.

The Indian method of hunting the deer and antelope seems to a looker on, not heated by the chase, cruel sport. But food is the object of the Indian hunter, and he is wonderfully successful in securing it. Notwithstanding their great speed and bottom, these animals seldom escape their pursuers on the open prairie. Mounted on their swift ponies, the Indians become as it were a pack of hounds that run by sight. In all directions they move, searching the country with eyes that see everything. On discovering deer no attempt is made at concealment, but with bridle rein between their teeth, loading their guns or adjusting their arrows as they ride, the hunters bear down on the doomed animals. Off bound the deer, but Indians are before them; they run to the right—more Indians; to the left—still Indians. The country, which at first seemed open, narrows to a small circle. The deer double on themselves. Hemmed in on every side, there is no escape; the bullet and the arrow do their work. All their hunting, whether of man or beast, involves a system of surrounding. It is this method, thoroughly understood, and invariably practised where numbers will allow, that renders the Indian so formidable on the prairie. Although numbers are in at the death, there is no dispute as to the distribution of the carcasses.

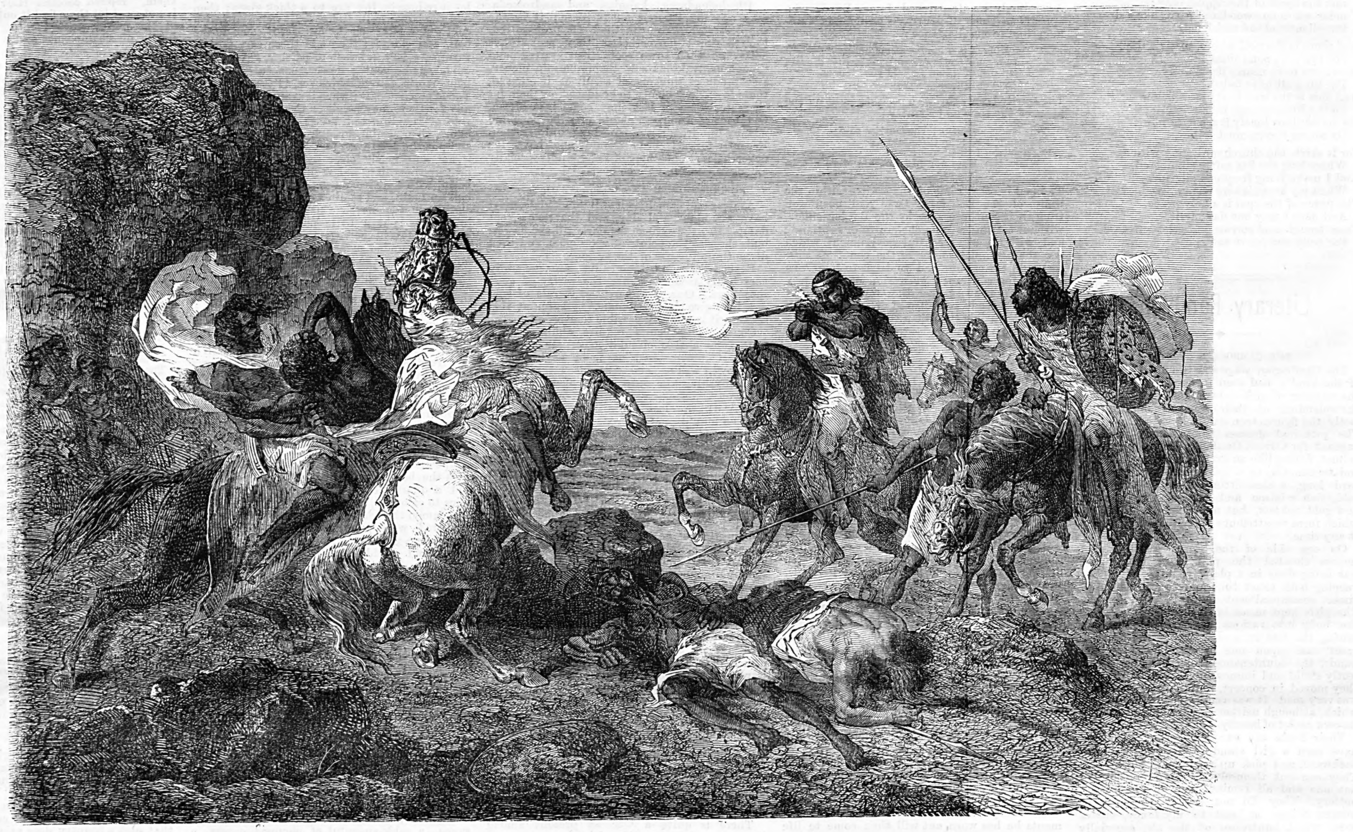
The meat generally goes to the hunters that most desire it, for the rest are sure at some future time to eat its equivalent with the receivers. The heart, liver, and parts of the throat are often eaten raw upon the spot, or taken back to camp for the favourite child. After selecting a portion of the meat for immediate use, the remainder is cut into slices and hung on poles to dry. Thus prepared, it soon shrivels under the scorching rays of the sun, and presents the appearance of leather covered with a thin coating of mould. It is musty to the taste, and by no means satisfactory food even when boiled, for the Indians never use salt, or condiments of any kind, in cooking. Their skill in riding and managing their ponies is wonderful. At a full run they will drop to the animal's side and shoot an arrow from under his neck, or, without in the least slackening their pace, pick up a turtle lying in the sand.

On a cloudy, cheerless day, when to lie wrapped in a buffalo skin and smoke seemed the only comfort, Poor Bull (the Indian in whose lodge we had squatted) came with news that his young men had signalled a herd of elk. A ride of nearly two hours brought us to the hills where the scouts were stationed, but they reported that they had only repeated signs given by scouts beyond. A drizzling rain set in, but two of the Indians, lying down a little apart, motioned me to lie in the middle, and covered by their friendly blankets, I passed a comfortable night. Numerous lizards shared our bed, and dashed away with surprising rapidity when we shook the saddle cloths next morning. Trumbo and several of the Indians started before daybreak, with instructions to shoot at elk only. The rest of us, hugging the remains of the last night's fire, smoked in lieu of eating breakfast. Suddenly a rifle shot rang out on the morning air, and looking through the grass on the ridge of the hill, our eyes were blessed by a sight that banished all thoughts of cold or hunger. A herd of elk were making directly for us, downwind, at a shuffling kind of trot, followed by Trumbo and his party. Leaving four of the Indians to watch, we mounted our ponies and moved to the right and left, carefully keeping from sight, until, at a sign from above, we rode around the hill just as the elk, with tremendous strides, came down the last swell of rising ground and turned to avoid the steep ascent. Catching sight of us, they dashed up, and at the brow received the shots of the Indians stationed there. They hesitated for an instant, then with heads thrown back, at a fierce gallop, their hoofs clattering at every bound, turned into the hollow, and we closed in upon them. Panic-stricken at the wild yells of the Indians, most of the herd huddled in on one another, while from twanging bow and rifle sped death right and left. Hunters and hunted were mixed in inexplicable confusion. The dust enveloped us in a cloud. Notwithstanding the excitement and close shooting, but one hunter was seriously injured. My pony was badly cut in the neck and side, several others were cruelly scarred, and one received an arrow in the shoulder. The long upper lips, tongues, and palates, cut from a dozen of the elk, were roasted on our hunting knives, and we ate as only men that have fasted for twenty-four hours can eat. The Indians carefully removed the six incisors from the lower jaws for ornaments. Flensing the carcasses, and packing the meat and skins on our tired horses, amid shouts and exultant songs, we returned to camp. It was late before the fires were deserted and quiet reigned in the village. Yet in the midst of this general rejoicing there were anxiety and trouble. Two of the warriors that followed the Teton trail had not appeared, and long after the skins were drawn, shutting out the night, the discordant sound of the drum and the doleful chant of the medicine man told of faithful wrestling for their safe return.

On our return we followed the beautiful valley of the Keya Pake, under the shadow of the Turtle Hills beyond, and camped, on the evening of the hottest day we had experienced, at its confluence with the Niobrara. All through the afternoon the muttering of distant thunder, and a fitful glare along the horizon, told of a coming storm. After the evening meal we gathered in groups, but the pipe passed silently. The usual sounds of mirth were wanting. Not a breath of air stirred, and a feeling of awe oppressed us all at the solemn stillness that hung over the valley. Presently a few drops fell silently, and we separated to our several lodges. A fierce rushing wind, a torrent of driving rain, and the storm was upon us. Flashes of forked lightning fired the camp with lurid light, while peals of rattling thunder seemed to shake the very foundations of the earth. Suddenly from across the camp came a piercing shriek, followed by a prolonged low wail, as it were the very sob of nature. Guided by the incessant flashes we hurried to where a number of Indian women were gathered about two shattered lodges, the inmates of which lay insensible among the ruins. Removing the rubbish, we carried them to the grass, and strove by every means in our power to restore them to consciousness. Three revived, but a brave and his squaw were dead. Wrapping the bodies in our blankets, we laid them side by side in a lodge, and left them with their friends. Before daybreak they were buried.

Early the next morning an Indian brought to our lodge several bundles of willow twigs, and requested us to count them. They numbered 1082, and represented the deer, antelope, and elk killed on the hunt. No account had been kept of the smaller animals, which would have added largely to the list. The Indians decided not to move, and, although forty miles from the Missouri, we resolved to push forward and catch the stage due at the reservation soon after midnight. In riding from camp we paused a moment by the new-made grave. On the fresh earth some faithful hand had placed a bowl of stewed meat and several bunches of wild cherries, to feed the dead on their journey to the happy hunting-grounds. We lingered an instant on the bluff to take a last look at the encampment, then shouted "Good-bye," and galloped across the prairie.—*Theo. E. Leeds.*

THERE is a story of a pigeon-fancier who had been converted and lay dying. The poor man was in great delight at the thought of going to heaven, but his ideas took a direction that only a pigeon-fancier would have thought of. "Minister," he said, "shall I gang to heaven? An' 'll I have wings? And will you come to heaven, minister? An' will you have wings? Eh, man, that'll be grand! *I'll fly you for a sovereign!*"


ABYSSINIAN WARFARE.

Singing "Auld Robin Gray."

At half-past nine Mr. Dent violated the tacit covenant that had existed between him and Prudence, by leaving her alone with Mr. Dillingham for the first time since it had become embarrassing to be left alone with him. They had been discussing a stanza in Lowell's Vision of Sir Launfal, and Mr. Dent had coolly walked off to the library on a pretext to look up the correct reading.

Prudence regarded her guardian's action as a dreadful piece of treachery, and the transparency of it was, perhaps, plain to Mr. Dillingham, who came to her rescue, for an awkward silence had immediately fallen upon Prue, by requesting her to sing a certain air from Les Hugenots, which she had been practising.

Prudence was in no humour for music, but she snatched at the proposition with a kind of gratitude, and sang the passage charmingly, with a malicious enjoyment, meanwhile, in the reflection that her recreant guardian, hearing the piano, would know that his purpose was frustrated. And, in fact, at the first note that reached the library, there came over Mr. Dent's face an expression of mingled amazement and disgust, in strange contrast with the exquisite music that provoked it. He stood with one hand lifted to a book-shelf, and listened in a waiting attitude, but when the aria was finished, he made no motion to return to the drawing-room.

Prudence sat with her fingers playing in dumb-show on the ivory keys, wondering what the next move would be. Mr. Dillingham, who had been turning over a portfolio of tattered sheet-music, took up a piece which he had selected from the collection, and came with it to the piano.

"I wish you would sing this, Miss Prudence. It is an old favourite of mine, and it is many years since I heard it. These homely Scotch ballads are not perhaps high art, but they have a pathos and an honesty in them which I confess to admiring."

As the young minister spoke he spread out on the piano-rack some yellowed pages containing the words and music of "Auld Robin Gray."

Prudence gave a little start, and a peculiar look flitted across her face, then she dropped her eyes, and let her hands lie listlessly in her lap.

"But perhaps you don't sing it?" said Mr. Dillingham, catching her half dreamy, half pained expression.

"Oh, yes, I do," said Prudence, rousing herself with an effort, "if I have not forgotten the accompaniment."

She touched the keys softly, and the old air came back to her like a phantom out of the past. She played the accompaniment through twice, then her voice took up the sweet burden, half inaudibly at first, but gathering strength and precision as she went on. It was not a voice of great compass, but of pure quality, and without a cold intonation in it. One has heard famous cantatrici, all art down to their finger-nails, who could not sing a simple ballad as Prudence sang this, because they lacked the one nameless touch of nature that makes the whole world kin. "'Young Jamie lo'ed me weel,'" Prue,—

"Young Jamie lo'ed me weel, and socht me for his bride;
But saving a croun, he had naething else beside:
To mak that croun a pund, young Jamie gaed to sea;
And the croun and the pund were baith for me.

"He hadna been awa a week but only twa,
When my mother she fell sick, and the cow was stown awa;
My father brak his arm, and young Jamie at the sea,
And auld Robin Gray cam' a-courtin' me."

Mr. Dillingham, who understood music thoroughly, as he seemed to understand everything, listened to Prudence with a sort of wonder, though he had heard her sing many a time before. The strange tenderness and passion there was in her voice brought a flush to his pale cheek, as he leaned over the end of the piano, with his eyes upon her.

"My father couldna work, and my mother couldna spin;
I toiled day and nicht, but their bread I couldna win;
Auld Rob maintained them baith, and wi' tears in his ee,
Said, Jenny, for their sakes, oh, marry me!

"My heart it said nay, for I looked for Jamie back;
But the wind it blew high, and the ship it was a wrack:
The ship it was a wrack—why didna Jamie dee?
Or why do I live to say 'Wae 's me?'

"My father argued sair; my mother didna speak;
But she lookit in my face till my heart was like to break:
So they gied him my hand, though my heart was in the sea;
And auld Robin Gray was gudeman to me."

It was with unconscious art that Prudence was rendering perfectly both the sentiment and the melody of the song, for her thought was far away from the singing. It was a day in midsummer; the wind scarcely stirred the honeysuckles that clambered over the porch of the little cottage in Horse-shoe-lane. John was telling her of his plans and his hopes and his love; it was sunshine and shadow, and something sad; again he was holding her hand; for an instant she felt the touch of his lips on her cheek; then she heard the gate close, and the robins chattering in the garden, and the tears welled up to Prue's eyes, as she sang, just as they had done that day when all this had really happened. And still the song went on:

"I hadna been a wife a week but only four,
When, sitting sae mournfully at the door,
I saw my Jamie's wraith, for I couldna think it he,
Till he said, I'm come back for to marry thee.

"Oh, sair did we greet, and muckle did we say;
We took but a kiss, and we tore ourselves away;
I wish I were dead"—

Suddenly something grew thick in Prudence's throat; the dual existence she was leading came to an end, and the music died on her lip. She looked up, and met the young clergyman's eyes glowing upon her.

"I—I can't sing it, after all," she said, with a wan look. "I will sing it another time."

Then she pushed back the piano-stool abruptly, hesitated a moment, and glided swiftly out of the room.

Mr. Dillingham followed her with his eyes, much mystified, as he well might have been, at Prudence's inexplicable agitation and brusqueness. He leaned against the side of the piano, waiting for her to return; but she did not come back again to the drawing-room.

In a few minutes Mr. Dent appeared, and could scarcely control his astonishment at finding the young minister alone.

It was as plain to Mr. Dent as one and one make two (though they sometimes refuse to be added together) that events had culminated during his absence. He had intended they should; but there was a depressing heaviness in the atmosphere for which he was not prepared. He did not dare to ask what had happened.

Mr. Dillingham was ill at ease, and after one or two commonplace remarks, he said good night mechanically and withdrew.

"She has thrown him over, the foolish girl!" muttered Mr. Dent, as he went gloomily upstairs with his bed-room candle in his hand, "and I am devilishly sorry."

For my part, I think the young minister's fortunate star was not in the ascendant that night, when he asked Prue to sing "Auld Robin Gray."—*T. B. Aldrich.*

CHARGING FOR A CLOUD IN THE BILL.—The scene is laid in a bower belonging to a *restaurant* at the Champs Elysées. The hour is that of noon. Two young men are endeavouring to get through a *déjeuner a la fourchette.* At length a cloud rises and veils the glowing face of the sun, mitigating the fierceness of his rays. "A cloud! a cloud!" cries one of the guests. "What a relief! what a blessing is this cloud!" "Hush," replied his companion, retaining his presence of mind, "say no more about it, or they will be sure to charge it in the bill."

Mexican Outrages.

Reports to the Associated Press from Galveston, Texas, direct from Brownsville, say that there is a terrible state of affairs in that section. Judge Doherty reports there is less security for persons or property between the Neuces and Rio Grande than heretofore. In Neuces and Live Oak counties, the ranches have been deserted by old frontiermen. They will send affidavits to General Steele substantiating the account of murders and robberies, and ask for authority to organise and protect themselves. The number of raiders is greater than previously, and if they steal fewer cattle than before it is because there are fewer left to steal. The Mexicans have been crossing over cattle at Los Conchas for the past three days. Twenty-four miles above they have fired on citizens from the Mexican side of the river. Judge Doherty left for Neuces for the purpose of procuring evidence to justify military action. The raiders have crossed over 800 head of cattle. The commander at Matamoros has been asked to send a force to capture them. We shall be forced to fight in self-defence, as there is no safety for an American outside of a town. They are determined to drive us, says a correspondent, out of the country.

Another report from Corpus, Christie, dated 22nd May, says: The condition of things is getting worse. At a meeting of citizens held last night a committee of safety was appointed, with full power to act throughout the county. The committee consists of Messrs. Doddridge, Plati, Murphy, Donning, and Gussett. About 130 signatures were obtained of men pledging themselves to maintain order. A telegram was received from General Augur stating that a company of cavalry would be sent here immediately. An attack was threatened on the jail on Tuesday by fifteen men from Meansville, but it was frustrated by Sheriff McLane. Last night a detail of twenty-five men was patrolling the city in anticipation of an attempt to release the murderers in jail. Threats are made freely by Mexicans to burn and rob the city. About 700 dols. was subscribed last night for the capture of the other murderers, and a petition will be presented to Governor Coke to offer a reward upon the part of the State.

Canton Sailor Girls.

In Canton (says a writer in *Temple Bar*) there are to be seen the pretty sailor girls special to China. They are bright, saucy, robust-looking lasses; their black, glossy hair cut short across the forehead, and tied up in a knot or plait behind. They wear neither shoes nor stockings, and their pretty little feet and ankles are among the most beautiful and attractive objects in Canton. They not only rowed, and sculled, and steered on that complicated mesh of craft, but managed their boats upon the wider portions of the river with the same agility as a man. This is one of the specialities and remarkable features of Canton, and of what, for lack of a better word, I must term the "upside-downness" of Chinese life. You find the men employed as chambermaids, laundresses, seamstresses, embroideresses; while the women are sailors and boatmen. And thus it is throughout; there is scarcely anything which they do not do the reverse of us. In salutation the Chinese shakes his own hand instead of his visitor's. In paying respect he puts his hat on instead of taking it off. The very houses seem inside out. Wherever we begin at the top, they commence at the bottom. Their signboards are perpendicular instead of horizontal. Their ideas are also very much upon the same reverse scale. What is felony in Europe—plurality of wives—is highly proper in China, in fact a mark of distinction; and concubinage no more a sin than it was in the days of Solomon.